

Rolling Stone

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**WHO PAYS
FOR GLOBAL
WARMING**
BY NAOMI KLEIN

Vampire Rock

*The 'New
Moon'
Soundtrack*

Lady Gaga

*Inside Fall's
Freakiest Tour*

R.E.M.

*The Stories
Behind Their
Greatest Songs*

Rivers Cuomo

*Inner Peace
and Beer Pong*

Rod Stewart

*Returns to His
R&B Roots*

Fort Carson Murder Spree

*The Iraq
Vets Who
Couldn't
Stop Killing*

Can Shakira Conquer the World?



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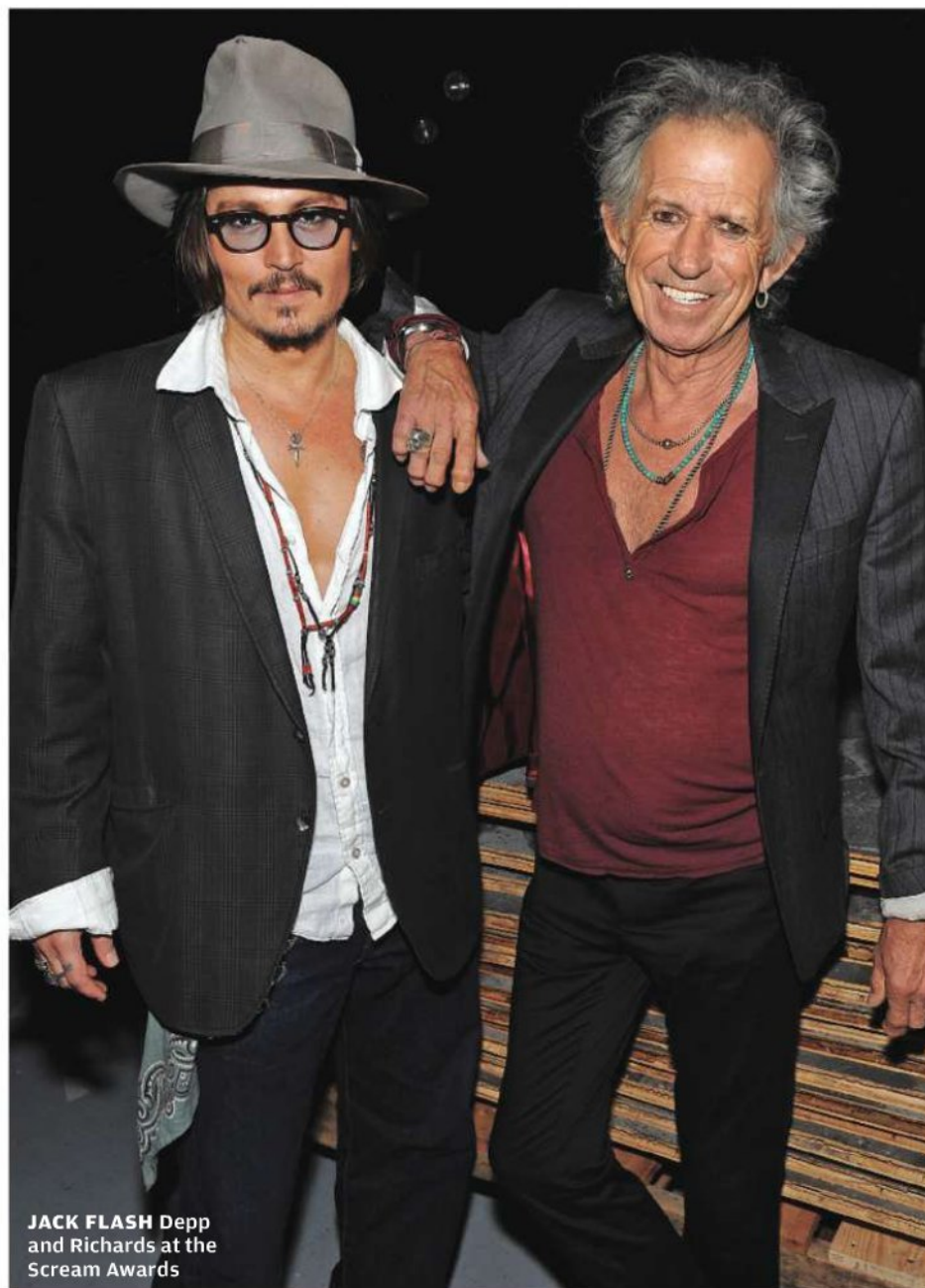
A stylized illustration for a Grand Marnier advertisement. The background is a vibrant red. A woman's legs, wearing black high-heeled shoes and a black strap, are extended diagonally across the frame. She is holding a martini glass with a yellow liquid and a splash. A hand in a black suit sleeve is pouring Grand Marnier liqueur from a bottle into the glass. The bottle has a label that reads 'Grand Marnier'. At the bottom, the text 'LA VIE Grand Marnier' is written in a large, white, gothic-style font, with 'LA VIE' in a smaller font to the left. Below this, 'PARIS - FRANCE' is written in a smaller, white, sans-serif font.

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RS1091

"All the News That Fits"



JACK FLASH Depp and Richards at the Scream Awards

Pirates of the Awards Show

"All rise for a true rock & roll immortal," Johnny Depp said to the crowd at the Spike TV Scream Awards on October 17th in Los Angeles. "Long after humanity incinerates itself, the only things left will be cockroaches and Keith Richards." Depp, whose *Pirates of the Caribbean* character, Jack Sparrow, is famously based on Richards, also called him "the maestro, my hero, my friend." At press time, the awards show hadn't yet been broadcast. A Spike TV rep frantically tried to get RS a transcript of Richards' speech, only to sheepishly tell us they were barely able to decipher a single word of it.

COVER STORY

Can Shakira Conquer the World?

Her album is late. Her shrink is on the phone. And her biological clock is ticking. But nothing will stop Shakira's quest for global domination.

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How Weezer's frontman started a family and communed with the universe without losing his geek-rock mojo.

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On the Cover

Shakira photographed in New York on September 12th, 2009.

Photograph by Max Vadukul

Styling by Anda and Masha for the Wall Group. Hair by Dennis Gots for Redken. Makeup by Chris Colbeck for Lancôme. Jacket by All Saints, pants by Alice and Olivia, belt by Balmain, bracelet by Philip Crangi.

rollingstone.com



Shakira on set with photographer Max Vadukul

Hips Don't Lie: The Pictorial Evidence

An interactive photo and video gallery of Shakira's sexiest career highlights, from her lupine cage gyrations ("She Wolf") to belly-dancing with Beyoncé ("Beautiful Liar"). **PLUS:** Exclusive video from our cover shoot. rollingstone.com/issue1091

Q&A

Edward Norton's Obama Documentary

The actor and activist - who's been filming Obama since 2006 - on *By the People* (debuting November 3rd on HBO) and why watching it gave him "a tingly sensation." rollingstone.com/issue1091

PHOTOS

Mohawks, Flannel and Loud Guitars

Trace the history of grunge with iconic images of the genre's superstar bands - Nirvana, Pearl Jam, Hole, Sonic Youth, Soundgarden, the Breeders and more - in their prime. rollingstone.com/photos

LIVE REPORT



Eminem Returns to the Stage

On the scene as the MC hits New

Orleans' Voodoo festival for his first performance in four years. rollingstone.com/rockdaily



Kravitz

ONLINE EXCLUSIVE

Lenny Kravitz Looks Back on 'Let Love Rule'

Backstage with the superstar singer, who's currently on tour celebrating the 20th anniversary of his debut album, *Let Love Rule*. "The record is as fresh as it was when I made it," he says. rollingstone.com/issue1091

John Mayer's 'Battle Studies'

Video: The singer-songwriter on how the "violent side of relationships" inspired his new concept album. rollingstone.com/issue1091

VIDEO

'Off the Cuff With Peter Travers'

The latest episodes of our film critic's Web series bring him face to face with:

Ted Danson: The actor drops by to play *Cheers* trivia, talk about force-feeding pie to Larry David and reveal which of his TV characters is Hillary Clinton's favorite.

Tobin Bell: The star of the creepy *Saw* movies tells us what scares him. (Hint: It's a classic 1939 film.)

Jane Lynch: The comedy star on why her *Glee* character, Sue Sylvester, is blowing up on Twitter. rollingstone.com/travers

BLOGS

Rock Hall Blowout

Video and pics from two nights of legendary rock - featuring Bruce, U2 and more - for the Hall of Fame's 25th birthday. rollingstone.com/rockhall

Tegan and Sara

The indie-rock twins talk about their new album, *Sainthood*. rollingstone.com/rockdaily

Jamey Johnson's Outlaw Music

The country badass covers Kris Kristofferson's "A Moment of Forever" live in our studio. rollingstone.com/rockdaily

PHOTOS

Lady Gaga's Wildest Wardrobe Moments

Mirrored bras, rubber jumpsuits, studded undies and more. rollingstone.com/photos

Lady Gaga



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Correspondence

{ Love Letters & Advice }



U2 Blast Off

"U2: LIVE FROM OUTER SPACE" [RS 1089] was absolutely amazing. I went to see them in New Jersey, and Brian Hiatt manages to capture all the emotions of watching Bono live. Bono has many souls in him, and Hiatt portrayed them all perfectly.

Carolina Paulino
Mount Vernon, NY

I GET IT. IT TOOK ME 20 years and three concerts by U2, but it finally has sunk in. While the world wasn't looking, the Beatles handed the "Peace, Love and Understanding" torch to U2. I can't think of a more qualified group to carry it forward.

Dave Livingston
Palm Harbor, FL

THANK YOU FOR BRIAN HIATT's superb piece on U2's conquest of outer space. It is refreshing to hear that a band wants to be the biggest and best, but maybe it is time to return to Earth. I wonder if U2 could still play simply under four white spotlights in front of a black curtain. Now that would really be a radical idea.

Jim Freeman, Brookline, MA

AFTER I GOT YOUR ISSUE, I saw U2 for the 43rd time. And despite being on history's largest stage, the band was not that different from the one I

first saw in 1983 – passionate, armed with great tunes and a message as old as music: All you need is love. A band like U2 reminds us of that.

Jay Heimbach
Alexandria, VA

Taibbi vs. Wall St.

ONCE AGAIN, MATT TAIBBI delivers, with "Wall Street's Naked Swindle" [RS 1089], an excellent primer on how we got screwed in this economy. Insightful and articulate, Taibbi's masterful interjection of humor softens the hard blows.

Bassey Essien, Atlanta

I APPLAUD RS AND TAIBBI for the excellent work uncovering the corruption that has caused our predicament. No other media outlet has come close to exposing the truth.

David Luzynski, via the Internet

AS TAIBBI BRILLIANTLY reveals the criminal banking elite and our impotent government's complicity in "one of the most blatant cases of stock manipulation in Wall Street history," the U.S. population snoozes along, unwilling to force a cleanup of this mess. Maybe when 401(k)s start disappearing, folks will wake up and smell the corruption.

Dave Denmead, via the Internet

MY FIRST MOVE AFTER READING Taibbi's informative article was to gather up all my investment-strategy newsletters and stuff them into the recycle bag. Thanks for doing what the mainstream media seem to have forgotten how to do.

Mrs. Ernest Pfanner, Davis, CA

IT REALLY CAN'T BE A SURPRISE that Taibbi pisses off the Wall Street greed machine. His writing style is like a sledgehammer, which is just what we have needed to break through the Berlin Wall of bullshit. But to also get to read Matt's anal-

ysis of the NFL? I am delirious with glee.

Rick Lierz, Boise, ID

MATT TAIBBI'S "WALL STREET'S NAKED SWINDLE" is fundamentally flawed. A "fail to deliver" does not automatically mean that naked short selling has occurred. Most fails are related to human error. Taibbi also ignores that in the U.S. capital markets, only one-tenth of one percent of the dollar value of the 19 billion shares that may be traded in a single day are related to failed trades. And he does not credit the actions by the SEC in passing Rule 204T, which has been effective at stopping fails to deliver. Regrettably, Taibbi never spoke to us regarding his story. Instead, he relied on Susanne Trimboth, a relatively low-level manager who worked at the Depository Trust Company 20 years ago. Ms. Trimboth

error" could possibly account for the sudden spike in millions of fails that spurred the collapse of both Bear Stearns and Lehman Brothers – companies that had never before experienced such a problem. Comparing the number of fails to the total number of shares traded is likewise laughable, as if murder is not a serious crime because it accounts for relatively few of the world's deaths. And while Rule 204T has helped reduce naked short selling, fails hit an all-time high during the chaos of 2008, and continue to occur in substantial numbers. As for Ms. Trimboth: Saying that there is "no record" of her raising an alarm is not the same as saying it didn't happen. I readily concede that it was unprofessional of me to refer to the DTCC as a "septic tank." But given the DTCC's continued refusal to even acknowledge the very real threat posed by naked short selling, it was hardly uncalled for.

Redneck Diva

MIRANDA LAMBERT'S MUSIC is pure white heat ["The Rise of a Redneck Diva," RS 1089]. It's a shame that she dilutes her appeal by letting the gun

"I applaud Taibbi for uncovering more financial corruption. No other outlet has come close to exposing the truth."

never had access to data on fails and did not even work in DTC's operational area, where trade settlement is completed. There is no record of her bringing concerns regarding fails to deliver to DTCC senior management. Taibbi's characterization of the DTCC as a "septic tank" was uncalled for and unprofessional.

Stuart Z. Goldstein
Managing Director, Corporate
Communications, Depository
Trust & Clearing Corporation
New York

Taibbi responds: I don't know whether to be appalled or amused by the DTCC's response. While it's true that fails are not automatically the result of naked short selling, it's absurd to think that "human

thing make her seem more like white trash.

Steve Lilly, Orlando

LAMBERT PERSONIFIES THE cult of the inferiority complex in country music. Posing with a pink revolver instead of a guitar says it all: It's not about music, it's about the act.

Rick Langley, Hallowell, ME

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Editor's Notes

Marijuana America

IT'S MUCH EASIER TO START A WAR than to end one – just ask President Obama. But let's give the new administration credit for closing down one front in the longest war in American history: the War on Drugs, originally declared by Richard Nixon in 1971.

Back in March, Attorney General Eric Holder let on that the Justice Department would back off from prosecuting medical-marijuana users in the 14 states that allow sick people to smoke pot. On October 19th, Holder made that hint official policy, issuing a memorandum stating that the feds won't waste resources busting patients and distributors who are in "clear and unambiguous compliance" with state medical-marijuana laws.

Though Holder's statement was carefully worded and full of caveats – he said going after marijuana dealers would still remain "a core priority" – this is still a big deal. At ROLLING STONE, we've been crusading for a common-sense drug policy for years – and this is the first time in memory that a federal action gave us hope that the drug war could one day wind down. "The real significance of Holder's action," says our friend Ethan Nadelmann, director of

the Drug Policy Alliance, "is that it sends a message to state governments. You figure out how to make your medical-marijuana laws work, and we'll pull back."

The same day that Holder made his announcement, a Gallup Poll reported that 44 percent of Americans favor legalization – a number that has nearly doubled in 20 years. Assuming this trend line continues (and there's no reason to think that it won't – 50 percent of people between 18 and 49 come down for legalization), the writing is on the wall for marijuana prohibition. In Los Angeles, where there are an estimated 700 legally operating marijuana dispensaries, pot is virtually legal already. And Gov. Schwarzenegger has made no secret of the fact that taxing and regulating his state's \$14 billion marijuana industry would provide much-needed revenue for the near-bankrupt state coffers.

Drug warriors like to claim that the medical-marijuana movement is just a sneaky way to talk about full-on legalization. The thing is, they are right. And there's nothing they can do about it. To mix a metaphor: That Trojan horse has already left the stable.

—WILL DANA, *Managing Editor*

Best Cover of the Year

On October 14th, ROLLING STONE received the prestigious Cover of the Year award from the American Society of Magazine Editors. What made the honor especially satisfying was that, for the first time, the choice was made by magazine readers, who were invited to vote through Amazon.com. We'd like to congratulate Peter Yang, who took this great portrait of President Obama, and our director of photography, Jodi Peckman, who convinced us not to mess up her beautiful picture by putting any type on it.



Tribute to Michael

Who was Michael Jackson? An incandescent child singer? A mind-blowing, world-changing superstar? An eccentric loner ruined by the pressures of fame and family? In *Michael* (Harper Studio, \$29.99), the editors of ROLLING STONE tell the full story of Michael Jackson's life, from the early days in Gary, Indiana, to the strange days at Neverland. The book includes hundreds of rare photos, interviews from the RS archives and tributes from Stevie Wonder, Smokey Robinson, Sheryl Crow and many others.

Rolling Stone

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LADY GAGA LIVE

Inside Gaga's over-the-top plans for fall's freakiest tour. Plus: New tunes. **Page 17**

R.E.M. LOOK BACK

Michael Stipe tells the stories behind the band's greatest songs. **Page 18**

Q&A: ROD STEWART

The blue-eyed-soul king tackles Motown and Stax classics on new disc. **Page 30**

Rock & Roll

Creed

Birmingham, Alabama
October 16th



REG. PRICE \$35.00
SALE PRICE 75¢

Miley Cyrus

Memphis, Tennessee
October 21st



REG. PRICE \$39.50
SALE PRICE \$15.75

Kid Rock

Raleigh, North Carolina
July 24th



REG. PRICE \$19.00
SALE PRICE \$10.00

CHEAP THRILLS Outside of the biggest tours (U2, AC/DC), promoters are slashing prices - from 75 cents for Creed to a \$15.75 "Halloween special" for Miley. Kid Rock sold lawn tix for \$10 this summer.

In Tough Times, Promoters Slash Prices on Top Tours

From Aerosmith to Miley Cyrus, tours fill venues with deep discounts

By Steve Knopper

A YEAR AGO, GYM CLASS Heroes wanted to charge \$10 for what they called a "recession-busting" tour, but many club owners refused to participate, saying they'd lose too much money, and the tour

CONCERTS

never happened. Since then, as the economy has worsened, the concert business has abruptly followed Gym Class Heroes' lead. All summer, amphitheater stars such as No Doubt, Aerosmith and Kid Rock sold

lawn seats for \$10; the Bravery, Slipknot and Sean Kingston are selling *pairs* of tickets to fall club shows for \$10; Miley Cyrus offered a \$15.75 "Halloween special" in Memphis in October; and Creed recently dropped some seats to 75 cents in Birmingham, Alabama. "A lot of people who wouldn't have done it a year ago are starting to do things like that," says Bob McLynn, manager of Gym Class Heroes as well as Fall Out Boy, who opened Blink-182's summer tour with tickets selling for as little as \$7.75. "There has been a lot of price-gouging the last few years. Fans can't afford it."

Concerts had a surprisingly strong first half in 2009, accord-

ing to *Pollstar*, with ticket grosses for the top 100 tours jumping 10.8 percent, to \$1.16 billion. But promoters and managers tell *ROLLING STONE* that sales have softened to the point where even top-tier performers, including Britney Spears and Rod Stewart, have had slow sales. "Overall, I've never seen anything like it - ever," says a top concert-business source. In response, Steely Dan sold four-packs to October shows for \$22.75 per ticket, Rob Thomas did the same for \$18.75, and Kiss' fall tour offers seats for as little as \$14.25. "If you bring a family of four, you're going to spend \$400 for tickets - in this economy?" asks Kiss' manager, Doc McGhee. [Cont. on 16]

Lil Wayne Gets Jail Time on Gun Rap

Hip-hop star preps four CDs before going to prison in February
By Evan Serpick

THE BESTSELLING rapper of 2008, Lil Wayne, will be forced to take a break from the studio next February to serve eight months on gun charges.

Wayne, a notorious workaholic who is currently recording three different albums and a mixtape, could have faced up to 15 years in prison on weapon-possession charges, but he pleaded guilty to attempted possession of a weapon and accepted the shorter sentence. "Nobody expected this," says a source at Wayne's label, Cash Money Records. "But he's staying positive."

Still, the hiatus won't be easy for a rapper who so loves recording that he has a studio installed in his tour bus. "It's going to be unreal when he gets out, because that's eight months of him not being able to do what he loves, which is record music," says frequent Wayne collaborator Dre, of production duo Cool and Dre.

Wayne's rock-influenced record, *Rebirth*, has been repeatedly delayed, and his label now says it will come out shortly before he heads to prison. (The rapper will also release [Cont. on 16])



RAP SHEET Wayne leaves a New York court after his October 22nd sentencing.

LIL WAYNE

[Cont. from 15] a mixtape, *No Ceiling*, and a compilation with his Young Money crew in early 2010.) In addition, Wayne has begun work on *Tha Carter IV*, the follow-up to 2008's *Tha Carter III*, which sold 1 million copies in its debut week.

"He was well-informed throughout, and he made a choice of how he wished to resolve this situation," says Wayne's lawyer Stacey Richman. "He decided to take responsibility."

Even as he finishes his albums, Wayne is a strong presence on the radio. At the time of his plea deal, Wayne appeared

on the Number One song in America, Jay Sean's "Down," and he has cameos on new tracks by Shakira, Madonna and Weezer. (The rapper says he nets \$75,000 for a guest spot.)

"Nobody expected this," says a source. "But Wayne is staying positive."

The charges date back to July 2007, when police smelled marijuana coming from Wayne's tour bus after a concert at the Beacon Theatre in New York. A search of the bus turned up a loaded .40-caliber

pistol. (Prosecutors also claim a passenger on the bus flushed seven ounces of weed down the toilet as police approached, but they pressed no drug charges against Wayne.) Wayne initially pleaded not guilty to weapon-possession charges, but changed his plea in order to reduce his sentence. Evidence of Wayne's DNA found on the gun was ruled admissible in the case, but Richman said the DNA evidence had no bearing on Wayne's plea.

But the rapper's legal woes aren't over. Next year, he'll appear in an Arizona court to face charges related to a 2008 incident in which border police found marijuana, cocaine and MDMA on Wayne's tour bus. The effect of jail time on rappers' careers is mixed: T.I.'s one-year sentence for weapons possession didn't slow sales of his double-platinum 2008 album, *Paper Trail*. But ongoing legal troubles have stifled the careers of MCs like DMX and Lil' Kim. Still, Cash Money is confident that the prison stint won't damage its marquee rapper's career. "It's all building up to Wayne's album," says a label representative. "We'd like to do a million again in the first week." 15

BARGAIN TICKETS

[Cont. from 15] Live Nation, the world's largest concert promoter, has offered hundreds of thousands of tickets in two-for-one and no-service-fee deals since June - including fall shows by Snoop Dogg, Al Green and Dashboard Confessional. "The tours weren't performing as well," says Bret Bair, manager of the Used, which sold two-for-one tickets on two days. "But there's definitely significant [sales] jumps on the days with promotions."

Michael Rapino, Live Nation's CEO, has been arguing since February that the promoter's proposed \$2.5 billion merger with Ticketmaster would give the combined Live Nation Entertainment more resources to drop ticket prices overall. Part of the problem in

a business he describes as "broken" is that 40 percent of seats go unsold. Those seats represent a lot of lost revenue, given Rapino's estimate that Live Nation sells \$12 to \$15 worth of food and beer to every customer at its amphitheaters.

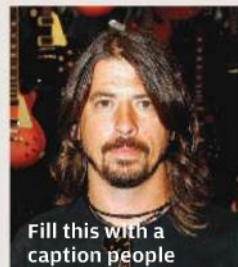
Of course, finding ways to fill venues isn't a new idea - managers and promoters have "papered" poor-selling shows for decades, giving away stacks of free tickets to radio stations, venue box-office employees or even local schools to fill seats at the last minute. But it doesn't happen as much as it used to, in part because Live Nation's discounts seem to be working. "Everybody realized [papering] was just a horrible model," says Kevin Lyman, the Warped Tour's producer.

While Live Nation's 2009 discounts have gotten the

most attention, other promoters have followed suit. In Denver this December, for example, AEG is putting on AFI and Red Jumpsuit Apparatus for about \$9. Lyman criticizes the deals because they generally kick in weeks after tours go on sale - penalizing advance buyers. "Kids are definitely waiting [for deals to kick in]," he says. "Who's going to buy a ticket ahead of time next year?"

An increasing number of acts, however, say they're more concerned with how rising costs affect fans than how discounts affect the concert business. "In this economy," says Chad Jensen, manager of Colbie Caillat, who has sold four-packs for about \$20 per ticket, "you do what you have to do to get people out there to support the artist." 15

HOT LIST



Fill this with a caption people

THEM CROOKED VULTURES

"New Fang"

The Dave Grohl-John Paul Jones-Josh Homme supergroup is a no-skinny-jeans zone: On this Zep-y new single, these are grown-ass men coughing up deliciously satanic hairballs of riffage. Thank you, sirs, may we have another?

50 CENT

"Crime Wave"

Please, Fiddy, don't hurt us! Mr. Vitamin Water seems about as gangsta as Neil Patrick Harris these days, but this noir banger hits hard enough to convince us that he's still strapped like Rambo.

ALEC OUNSWORTH

Mo Beauty

Clap Your Hands Say *Laissez les Bon Temps Roulez!* CYHSY's frontman goes to New Orleans, plays with a Los Lobos dude and comes out with the best roots-indie fusion since the lost Malkmus/Taj Mahal sessions of '93.

NNEKA

"Heartbeat"

Our girl Nneka is the greatest half-Nigerian, half-German, Lauryn Hill-style belter since... well, she's the only one. But this Afro-soul rump-shaker is pure hotness.

THE XX

"Crystallised"

This hyperstylish London buzz band makes moody bedroom jams with girl-boy vocals - it's like R. Kelly for kids with giant eyeglasses, an MFA and a heroin addiction.

Monster of Pop: Lady Gaga's Wild Tour

The singer hits the road with elaborate new show, eight new songs

By Brian Hiatt

AS HER RISE THIS YEAR suggests, Lady Gaga likes to move fast: In mid-October, just two weeks after canceling her planned Fame Kills arena tour with Kanye West, Gaga announced

ON THE ROAD

her solo Monster Ball Tour – a characteristically ambitious and arty venture that she calls a “pop-electro opera.” Prepping for rehearsals in L.A., Gaga is vague about the reasons for the death of Fame Kills – which faced poor initial ticket sales. “It really was mutual,” she says. “We had a really levelheaded talk about it, and I respect and care for Kanye. It wasn’t the right time, and we both just knew it wasn’t. I’ve been able to pick up and put this tour together very quickly.”

The show will include every song from Gaga’s debut, *The Fame*, but takes its theme from a set of eight new songs she re-



JUST DANCE After her tour with Kanye fell apart, Gaga planned a solo trek.

corded for November 23rd’s re-release of the album – called *The Fame Monster* – including the first single, “Bad Romance.” “The single just came out this morning, and it’s been on the radio, like, seven times already,” says Gaga. “I wondered if I could ever top *The Fame*. Then I woke up one day, and I did. It was like, ‘Just put it all out, don’t be afraid.’”

The new songs are more personal than the glossypop of *The Fame*. “Each one represents a different demon that I’ve faced in myself,” Gaga says. “I don’t write about fame or money at all on this new record. It’s all about my fear of death and my fear of love and my fear of sex and my fear of loneliness.”

Monster Ball, which kicks off November 27th in Montre-

al, was originally intended to hit arenas in February, after the joint Kanye tour ended. Now, it will start mostly in theaters, with plans to expand to arenas early next year. As you’d expect from the artist who pioneered the bubble suit, the see-through piano and the glowing disco stick, the show won’t be typical mainstream-pop fare: “The theme is evolution. It begins with me as a very tiny cell, and then I grow. We go through sand and water and fire, and it’s really a metaphor for childhood into teenage years into becoming an adult, but it’s done with all these incredible light projections and light installations.”

Like a smaller-scale U2, Gaga plans to bring her own stage with her. “The stage that I’ve built is a frame,” she says. “You’re used to seeing a giant stage, and then there’s a huge ceiling with all this open space. I’ve been thinking about ways to play with the shape of this stage and change the way that we watch things. It’s going to be the greatest post-apocalyptic house party that you’ve ever been to.”

Jackson Concert Film Could Break Records

King of Pop tour movie ‘This Is It’ expected to be the biggest ever

By Claire Hoffman

MICHAEL JACKSON’S *This Is It* could become the biggest concert film of all time when it is released on October 28th in a two-week run. Sony Pictures paid the Jackson estate and

in the United States. (The film will appear on DVD some time in the first quarter of 2010.) “I considered the fans,” says the film’s director, Kenny Ortega. “There was this desire to have one more visit with Michael, one more experience with him. I wanted to serve their need. It was this huge hole that was blown through everyone.”

This Is It is predicted to take in \$40 million to \$50 million at the domestic box office in its first five days. But it could be much bigger abroad: In one measure of how much faith Sony has in the star’s international appeal, it is opening *This Is It* on at least 2,200 screens in China. “I’m not sure if that’s a record, but it’s more than we’ve ever had,” Jeff Blake, Sony’s chairman for worldwide mar-



STILL THE KING Jackson is surprisingly vital in *This Is It*.

keting and distribution, told *The New York Times*.

The film portrays a surprisingly vital Jackson preparing one of the largest arena productions in music history, complete with a massive 3-D video screen, an oversize set, an army of backup dancers, a children’s choir and more. In a portion of the film screened for *ROLLING STONE*, Jackson powers his way through “The

Way You Make Me Feel” and “Human Nature” – busting out his trademark dance moves, singing with a powerful voice and energetically leading his large band. “I’m telling you, I would just be out of character and screaming like a fan myself,” says the tour’s musical director, Michael Bearden.

But the potential for great unheard music to emerge seemed less likely after Sony Music put out an unreleased tune, also called “This Is It,” from the movie’s soundtrack album, at michaeljackson.com. The tune, actually a demo made in 1983, started getting radio airplay soon after, but several weeks later it has yet to hit the Top 10. Top 40 stations, according to Sean Ross, executive editor at Radio-Info.com, have already reduced the number of spins they’re giving it. “A lot of stations played it for the first day or two for the event value,” he says, “but didn’t stay with it.”

R.E.M. Look Back on Live Album

Michael Stipe highlights deep cuts and outtakes from 2007 Dublin shows
By David Fricke

IT WAS DAUNTING, BUT we made it out alive," singer Michael Stipe says of the 2007 Dublin concerts that became R.E.M.'s new two-CD set, *Live at the Olympia*. For Stipe, guitarist Peter Buck

TRACK BY TRACK



R.E.M.
Live at the Olympia
Warner Bros.

and bassist Mike Mills, the shows were a public tryout of songs for their 2008 album *Accelerate*. They also played tunes that were out of their set lists for two decades. "We wanted to fill out the sinew of the evening – the new songs," says Stipe, now writing for R.E.M.'s next album, which they start recording in November. Stipe was relaxed and chatty at the shows, recalling a grandfather who inspired "Auctioneer" and warning that "Pretty Persuasion" is "not quite a family story." "I'm not this dour, esoteric artiste," he cracks. "I'm quite funny. But that doesn't come across in a regular show. This was us in our underwear."

"Disturbance at the Heron House"

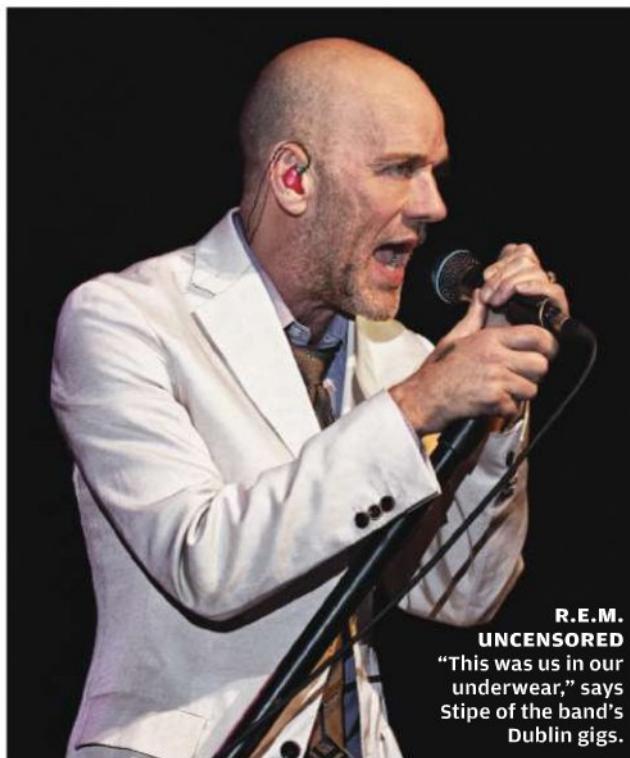
Document 1987

The song was my take on *Animal Farm*, an uprising dismissed by the powers that be. There were rumors then that Reagan's vice president, Bush Senior, might run. I thought those were dark years, the Eighties. We had no idea what was to come.

"Staring Down the Barrel of the Middle Distance"

Accelerate Outtake, 2008

It's political, clearly. It's also about being in my late 40s. I'm staring down the barrel of middle age. Who the hell am I? What have we accomplished?



R.E.M.
UNCENSORED
"This was us in our underwear," says Stipe of the band's Dublin gigs.

It's me going, "This is fucked. I'm so disappointed in my own generation."

"Carnival of Sorts"

Chronic Town 1982

That is the nighttime traveling scene from [the 1980 film] *The Elephant Man*. It's the circus leaving town, moving along a lake at night. I heard the music, and it made me think of a train. I close my eyes, and I see the landscape. My job is to create a lyric that feels like the only lyric that could go with that music.

"Driver 8"

Fables of the Reconstruction 1985

It's like breathing – I don't think about it when I sing it. I was listening to these live tapes and thought it was a beautiful song with incredible imagery. I listen to our old albums and think, "OK, this is where that went wrong, this is a way to improve that." And "Wow, that's really good. You're not the hoax you think you are."

"Cuyahoga"

Lifes Rich Pageant 1986

It's an Indian word I mispronounce in the song. The Cuyahoga River in Ohio caught fire in 1969 because of pollu-

tion dumped into it. The song addresses environmental devastation and our history with Native Americans, which isn't pleasant.

"Pretty Persuasion"

Reckoning 1984

It's about a couple of swingers, a straight couple who employ younger men and women and seduce them. I did not succumb. But I was aware of the danger and electricity they created. The reason I said that ["Not quite a family story"] was three of my goddaughters, all under 14, were in the audience. This was not appropriate for them to hear from their godfather onstage.

"Drive"

Automatic for the People 1992

There were, before punk, a few songs that resonated with me. One was David Essex's "Rock On." "Drive" is a homage to that. It was the first song I wrote on computer. Before, I had a typewriter. The reason is my handwriting changes dramatically day to day. I don't trust it. I will write one of the best lyrics ever and discard it because the handwriting looks like shit. Or the handwriting looks good but it's a crap lyric, lo and behold, it's in the song. Too late.

CHECKING IN

Roger Daltrey

On theater trek, Daltrey sings 'Pictures of Lily,' other rarities
By Andy Greene

Roger Daltrey has been playing arenas with the Who for more than 40 years, but after Pete Townshend decided to take the year off, the singer launched a rare solo tour of small venues. "We and the Stones invented the bloody arena tour," he says. "But it's lovely to be able to talk to an audience. We're playing lots of songs the Who haven't played for years – and some the Who never played."

Why a solo tour?

I don't need to be home watching TV – I should be out there keeping the instrument oiled, because you never know when Townshend's gonna write another album. I've had five months off now from when the Who last worked, and I don't think my voice would survive another five months off. Voices aren't like guitar strings. You can't replace them.

You're playing some real rarities, like "Cache Cache" and "Blue, Red and Grey."

The trouble with the Who's catalog is that it's mostly known for about 10 songs. So on this tour I'm trying to pick through the catalog. It's a pleasure, because Townshend's music ages so well, unlike the rest of us.



Pete recently said that he's working on a rock opera. Is that going to be the next Who release?

He writes all the time, and you never know what it's gonna be till he finishes it. There's talk of touring next year. I'd like to do *Quadrophenia*, but that's for selfish reasons, because I don't think there will be many more years left that I'll physically be able to sing it.

B I P O L A R D I S O R D E R ?

GETTING HELP MANAGING MY SYMPTOMS WAS A WAY TO MOVE FORWARD.

Maybe ABILIFY can help you.

ABILIFY (aripiprazole) is clinically proven to help control the symptoms of manic and mixed episodes of Bipolar I Disorder in adults and in pediatric patients 10 to 17 years of age. It is one of many treatment options.

Hundreds of thousands of adult patients have been prescribed ABILIFY. Ask your healthcare professional if once-a-day ABILIFY is right for you.



FOR THE ROAD AHEAD

www.abilifyinfo.com

IMPORTANT SAFETY INFORMATION:

Elderly patients with dementia-related psychosis (for example, an inability to perform daily activities due to increased memory loss) taking ABILIFY have an increased risk of death or stroke. ABILIFY is not approved for treating these patients.

Some medicines can increase suicidal thoughts and behaviors in children, teens, and young adults. Serious mental illnesses are themselves associated with an increase in the risk of suicide. When taking ABILIFY call your doctor right away if you have new or worsening mood symptoms, unusual changes in behavior, or thoughts of suicide. Patients and their caregivers should be especially observant within the first few months of treatment or after a change in dose.

- Alert your doctor if you develop very high fever, rigid muscles, shaking, confusion, sweating, or increased heart rate and blood pressure, as these may be signs of a rare but potentially fatal condition called neuroleptic malignant syndrome (NMS)
- If you develop abnormal or uncontrollable facial movements, notify your doctor, as these may be signs of tardive dyskinesia (TD), which could become permanent
- If you have diabetes or have risk factors or symptoms of diabetes, your blood sugar should be monitored. High blood sugar has been reported with ABILIFY and medicines like it. In some cases, extreme high blood sugar can lead to coma or death
- Other risks may include lightheadedness upon standing, decreases in white blood cells (which can be serious), seizures, trouble swallowing, or impairment in judgment or motor skills. Until you know how ABILIFY affects you, you should not drive or operate machinery

Most common side effects ($\geq 10\%$) from all clinical trials involving adults or pediatric patients include:

- **ADULTS:** Nausea, vomiting, constipation, headache, dizziness, an inner sense of restlessness or need to move (akathisia), anxiety, insomnia, and restlessness
- **PEDIATRIC PATIENTS (10 to 17 years):** Extrapyrimal disorder (for example, uncontrolled movement disorders or muscle disturbances such as restlessness, tremors and muscle stiffness), headache, sleepiness, and nausea

Tell your doctor about all the medicines you're taking, since there are some risks for drug interactions. You should avoid alcohol while taking ABILIFY.

You are encouraged to report negative side effects of prescription drugs to the FDA. Visit www.fda.gov/medwatch, or call 1-800-FDA-1088.

Please read the Important Product Information about ABILIFY on the adjacent page.

Individual results may vary. Actor portrayal.





IMPORTANT INFORMATION ABOUT ABILIFY

This summary of the Package Insert contains risk and safety information for patients about ABILIFY. This summary does not include all information about ABILIFY and is not meant to take the place of discussions with your healthcare professional about your treatment. Please read this important information carefully before you start taking ABILIFY and discuss any questions about ABILIFY with your healthcare professional.

Name

ABILIFY® (a-BIL-i-fi) (aripiprazole) (air-i-PIP-ra-zoll)

What is ABILIFY (aripiprazole)?

ABILIFY is a prescription medicine used alone or with lithium or divalproex to treat manic or mixed episodes of Bipolar I Disorder in adults or pediatric patients (10 to 17 years).

What is Bipolar I Disorder?

Bipolar I Disorder is an illness with symptoms thought to be caused by an imbalance of brain chemicals. People who have Bipolar I Disorder tend to experience extreme mood swings, along with other specific symptoms and behaviors. These mood swings, or "episodes," can take three forms: manic, depressive, or mixed episodes. Common symptoms of a manic episode are: feeling extremely happy, being very irritable and anxious, talking too fast and too much, and having more energy and needing less sleep than usual. Common symptoms of a depressive episode include: feelings of overwhelming sadness or emptiness, low energy, a loss of interest in things, trouble concentrating, changes in sleep or appetite, and thoughts of dying or suicide. A mixed episode includes symptoms that are both manic and depressive.

Who should NOT take ABILIFY?

People who are allergic to ABILIFY or to any substance that is in it. Allergic reactions have ranged from rash, hives and itching to difficulty breathing and swelling of the face, lips, or tongue. Please talk with your healthcare professional.

What is the most important information that I should know about ABILIFY?

Elderly patients, diagnosed with psychosis as a result of dementia (for example, an inability to perform daily activities as a result of increased memory loss), and who are treated with antipsychotic medicines including ABILIFY, are at an increased risk of death when compared to patients who are treated with a placebo (sugar pill). ABILIFY is not approved for the treatment of patients with dementia-related psychosis.

Some medicines can increase suicidal thoughts and behaviors in children, teens, and young adults. Serious mental illnesses are themselves associated with an increase in the risk of suicide. When taking ABILIFY call your doctor right away if you have new or worsening mood symptoms, unusual changes in behavior, or thoughts of suicide. Patients and their caregivers should be especially observant within the first few months of treatment or after a change in dose.

Serious side effects can occur with any antipsychotic medicine, including ABILIFY. Tell your healthcare professional right away if you have any conditions or side effects, including the following:

Stroke or ministroke in elderly patients with dementia: An increased risk of stroke and ministroke has been reported in clinical studies of elderly patients with dementia (for example, increased memory loss and inability to perform daily activities). ABILIFY is not approved for treating patients with dementia.

Neuroleptic malignant syndrome (NMS): Very high fever, rigid muscles, shaking, confusion, sweating, or increased heart rate and blood pressure may be signs of NMS, a rare but serious side effect that could be fatal.

Tardive dyskinesia (TD): Abnormal or uncontrollable movements of face, tongue, or other parts of body may be signs of a serious condition known as TD, which may be permanent.

High blood sugar and diabetes: Patients with diabetes and those having risk factors for diabetes (for example, obesity, family history of diabetes), as well as those with symptoms such as unexpected increases in thirst, urination, or hunger should have their blood sugar levels checked before and during treatment. Increases in blood sugar levels (hyperglycemia), in some cases serious and associated with coma or death, have been reported in patients taking ABILIFY, and medicines like it.

Orthostatic hypotension: Lightheadedness or faintness caused by a sudden change in heart rate and blood pressure when rising too quickly from a sitting or lying position (orthostatic hypotension) has been reported with ABILIFY.

Leukopenia, Neutropenia, and Agranulocytosis: Decreases in white blood cells (infection fighting cells) have been reported in some patients taking antipsychotic agents, including ABILIFY. Patients with a history of a significant decrease in white blood cell (WBC) count or who have experienced a low WBC due to drug therapy should have their blood tested and monitored during the first few months of therapy.

Suicidal thoughts: If you have suicidal thoughts, you should tell your healthcare professional right away.

Dysphagia: Medicines like ABILIFY have been associated with swallowing problems (dysphagia). If you had or have swallowing problems, you should tell your healthcare professional.

What should I talk to my healthcare provider about?

Patients and their families or caregivers should watch for new or worsening mood symptoms, unusual changes in behavior and thoughts of suicide, as well as for anxiety, agitation, panic attacks, difficulty sleeping, irritability, hostility, aggressiveness, impulsivity, restlessness, or extreme hyperactivity. Call your healthcare provider right away if you have thoughts of suicide or if any of these symptoms are severe or occur suddenly. Be especially observant within the first few months of antidepressant treatment or whenever there is a change in dose.

Be sure to tell your healthcare provider:

- About any medical conditions you may have
- Whether you're taking any other prescription or over-the-counter medicines, vitamins, or herbal products
- Whether you're pregnant, plan to become pregnant, or are breast-feeding
- If you have or have had a low white blood cell count (WBC)
- If you or anyone in your family has had seizures
- If you or anyone in your family has had high blood sugar or diabetes

What should I avoid when taking ABILIFY (aripiprazole)?

- Avoid overheating and dehydration
- Avoid driving or operating hazardous machinery until you know how ABILIFY affects you
- Avoid drinking alcohol
- Avoid breast-feeding an infant

What are the possible side effects of ABILIFY?

Common side effects in adults include: nausea, vomiting, constipation, headache, dizziness, an inner sense of restlessness or need to move (akathisia), anxiety and insomnia. Common side effects in pediatric patients (10 to 17 years) include: extrapyramidal disorder (for example, uncontrolled movement disorders or muscle disturbances such as restlessness, tremors and muscle stiffness), headache, sleepiness, and nausea.

It is important to contact your healthcare professional if you experience prolonged, abnormal muscle spasm or contraction which may be signs of a condition called dystonia.

This is not a complete list of side effects. For full patient information, visit www.abilify.com. Talk to your healthcare professional if you have questions or develop any side effects.

What percentage of people stopped taking ABILIFY (aripiprazole) due to side effects?

In clinical trials, the percentage of adults who discontinued taking ABILIFY due to side effects was 11% and 9% for patients treated with sugar pill.

In clinical trials, the percentage of pediatric patients (10 to 17 years) who discontinued taking ABILIFY due to side effects was 7% and 2% for patients treated with sugar pill.

Can I safely take ABILIFY while I'm taking other medications?

ABILIFY can be taken with most drugs; however, taking ABILIFY with some medicines may require your healthcare professional to adjust the dosage of ABILIFY.

Some medicines* include:

- ketoconazole (NIZORAL®)
- quinidine (QUINIDEX®)
- fluoxetine (PROZAC®)
- paroxetine (PAXIL®)
- carbamazepine (TEGRETOL®)

It is important to tell your healthcare professional about all the medicines you're taking, just to be sure.

How should I take ABILIFY?

- Take ABILIFY exactly as directed by your healthcare professional
- ABILIFY is usually taken once a day and can be taken with or without food
- If you miss a dose, take it as soon as you remember. However, if it is time for your next dose, skip the missed dose and take only your regularly scheduled dose
- Talk to your healthcare professional before stopping ABILIFY or changing your dose

General advice about ABILIFY:

- ABILIFY should be kept out of the reach of children and pets
- Store ABILIFY Tablets and the Oral Solution at room temperature
- For patients who must limit their sugar intake, be aware that ABILIFY Oral Solution contains sugar
- For patients who cannot metabolize phenylalanine (those with phenylketonuria or PKU), ABILIFY DISCMELT® contains phenylalanine
- If you have additional questions, talk to your healthcare professional

Find out more about ABILIFY:

Additional information can be found at www.abilify.com/bipolardisorder

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Alicia Keys' Suburban Soul Factory

Album The Element of Freedom
Due Out December 1st

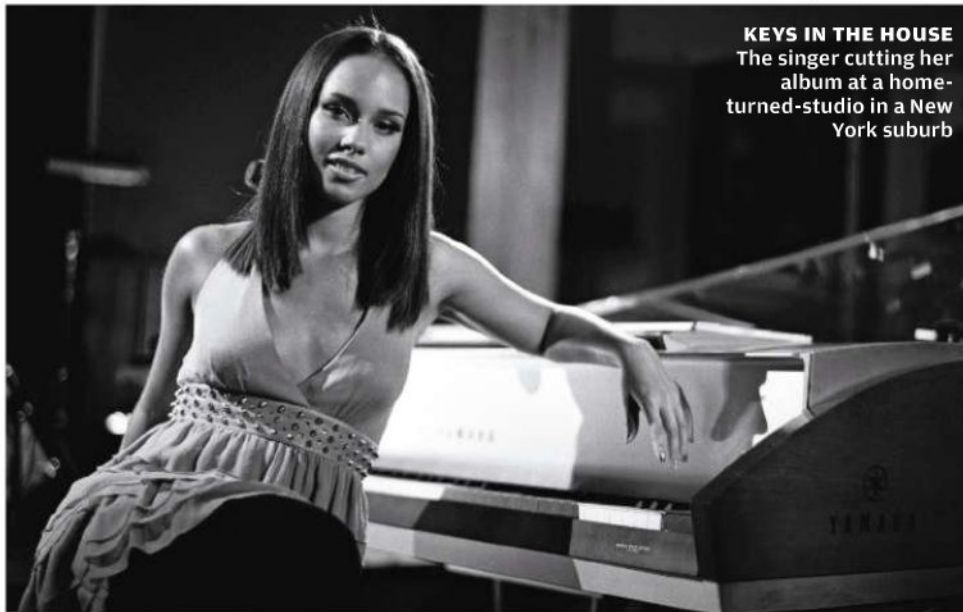
By Josh Eells

R&B SUPERSTAR ALICIA Keys is recording her fourth album, *The Element of Freedom*, in an unlikely place: A three-story house-turned-studio on a quiet residential street on Long Island. It's called the Oven, Keys renovated it in 2006, and she does everything here, from writing to mastering.

"This is my safe haven," she says, curled into a chair in the control room. "When I used to go to the Hit Factory, I couldn't write. Platinum records on the wall? I felt so intimidated." At the Oven, the lights are dimmed, incense burns in every room and the walls are lined with pictures of her heroes: Billie Holiday, Ella Fitzgerald, Muhammad Ali. "I feel like I'm coming into my grandmother's house, not to work," she says.

The writing process for the new record has been smooth. "It was breezy – it wrote itself," she says. "I thought I wouldn't be done until March."

Which is not to say *Freedom* is drama-free: The hard-knocking "Love Is Blind" – co-produced by Jeff Bhasker, who worked on Kanye West's *808s & Heartbreak* – has Keys sounding angrier and grittier than ever before, as she sings about



KEYS IN THE HOUSE
 The singer cutting her album at a home-turned-studio in a New York suburb

being "over the edge, no turning back." Says Keys of the tunes, "Overall I think there's a real balance I found between the heaviness of the drums and the vulnerability in the vocals – it's an ill merging." Meanwhile, the piano ballad "Pray for Forgiveness" and the lost-love first single, "Doesn't Mean Anything," are Keys at her most tender.

Those last two songs were co-produced by Kerry "Krucial" Brothers, Keys' longtime songwriting partner, who was reportedly her romantic partner as well – although earlier this year, Keys was rumored to be dating producer Swizz Beatz. "Krucial and I have a

very strong partnership, and that hasn't changed," Keys says. (As for the Swizz rumors: "You know I don't talk about my personal life.")

Between finishing the CD and plotting a tour for 2010, Keys is quietly becoming a multimedia mogul, developing a pilot for NBC, producing a film about a female DJ and launching a new lifestyle website. She seems very much a woman in transition. "[Life] changes aren't always comfortable," she says. "But it's like turning into a butterfly: You've got to break out of the cocoon. I'm definitely at least halfway out of the cocoon."

STUDIO NOTES

■ **Spoon** have finished the follow-up to their 2007 breakthrough set, *Ga Ga Ga Ga Ga*. "It's a raw, back-to-basics record," says frontman **Britt Daniel** of the mostly self-produced album, called *Transference*, which comes out January 26th. "It's for people who like Bowie's *Low*, not *Let's Dance*."

■ **Melissa Etheridge's** upcoming album, *Fearless Love*, "rocks harder than I've rocked in years," says the singer of the LP, due out in the spring. "There's a couple of ballads on it, but the majority of it is really slamming."

Against Me! Explore Life After Punk on New Album

Album White Crosses
Due Out Early 2010

By Chris Willman

WHEN AGAINST ME! release their next album, in early 2010, the most talked-about track is certain to be "I Was a Teenage Anarchist," if only because of the past tense in the title.

The Floridians' previous album, 2007's *New Wave*, was a polished disc of brawny rock & roll produced by Butch Vig – and their major-label debut. But signing with Warner Bros. alienated Against Me! from



Tom Gabel recording in Burbank

their hardcore-punk roots. "When the band started, I was an anarchist punk – that was my identity," says singer Tom Gabel in a Burbank, California, studio. "But those scenes have definitely [told us], 'No, you're not punk' and 'No, you

don't fit in with us anymore.'"

Instead of retreating, the band continues to broaden its sound on the follow-up: Against Me!'s new CD, again in collaboration with Vig, beefs up their sound with campfire-singing along choruses and Green Day-style hooks. "They're coming less from the punk background they started in," says Vig. "And they're writing more ambitious songs."

Among the completed cuts are the inspirational "Bamboo

Bones," featuring a typically vein-busting chorus; "High Pressure Low," which name-checks Vietnam War strategist Robert McNamara ("It's amazing how harmonious it sounds," says Gabel); and the closest thing they've ever done to a ballad, "Breaking Up."

Gabel – whose wife just had a baby – says it's not "a traditional falling-out-of-love-type" song. Maybe the lyrics are a metaphor for Against Me!'s divorce from hardcore punk? "I don't fuckin' know any of the answers," he says. "But I don't feel I should have to subscribe to any labels or ideologies."

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Beats, Rhymes and Ecstasy: Introducing Raptronica

TWENTY YEARS AGO, RAPPERS mined James Brown and Parliament records for samples. Now they're snagging grooves from cheesy Euro-disco jams – with turbo-paced beats, trance-y synths and actual house-music samples – that are straight outta St. Tro-

pez. The trend launched with the Black Eyed Peas' 2009 LP *The E.N.D.*, which puts a techno spin on hip-hop jams. "It's the best of both worlds," says David Guetta, who produced "I Gotta Feeling." "Will.i.am and I were jumping in the studio, screaming, 'We made a new sound!'" **NICOLE FREHSÉE**

Artist/Song	The Vibe	Best Line	Club Cred	Enhanced by
Lil Jon "Give It All U Got" 	Crunk meets Daft Punk: Foghorn-synth blasts, R&B-chick vocals and Lil Jon's punch-in-the-gut yelps. Says Jon, "My job is to get the party started."	"Drink until your body drops.... Let your animal out the cage!" 	Frequents Mansion in Miami, Privé and Tao in Vegas, and spots in his native Atlanta. "You can't make good club music if you don't go to the club," he says.	The rapper recommends Patrón. "I do a lot of shots," he says. "Sometimes I'm not paying attention and I drink 10."
Pitbull "Hotel Room Service" 	Over a synth-trumpet sample from the Nightcrawlers' 1990s house hit "Push the Feeling On," the Miami MC invites freaky ladies back to the Holiday Inn.	"I'm the plumber tonight, I'll check your pipes." 	Pitbull's been clubbing since he was 13: "I grew up in the hood clubs, the European spots, the Spanish spots. I know what a good club record is."	Try Pitbull's fave cocktail: vodka and cranberry with a lime. "It's like a smoothie," he says. 
Three 6 Mafia "Shake My" 	The Memphis duo ditch gangsta rap on this blippy ode to ass-jiggling. "We gotta please our pop fans," says Juicy "J."	"I'm raw in da club, fresh up off the trap, snatchin' up tail like an old mousetrap." 	Juicy "J" and DJ Paul hit the disco nightly. "Partying, going to the bar, strip clubs," says Juicy. "That's what Three 6 Mafia is all about."	A buttery chardonnay and poached salmon. Psych! How about a giant stack of bills to throw at a local stripper?
Flo Rida "Sugar" 	Flo lifts the super-irritating hook from 1999's "Blue (Da Ba Dee)," by Italian act Eiffel 65. Says the rapper, "Catchy melodies are hot."	Lame PG-13 candy metaphors: "My lips like sugar/ My candy got you sprung"; "Squeeze the sugar cane on your mouth."	Though he samples a Euro-trance hit, the MC's not a big clubber. "I do a show almost every night," he says. "That's partying enough."	Stoli Razztinis at your bestie's bachelorette party 
LMEAO "La La La" 	The L.A. duo of Sky Blu and Redfoo blend euphoric Justice-style synths, robo-vocals and corny-ass lyrics about new-found love.	"You make me feel super, like the man of steel/ You got me going stupid picking daffodils." 	The pair once got busted for table-dancing at a Miami club. "Too many shots," says Sky Blu. "We go to the club to get fucked up, I'll tell you that."	Twenty milligrams of Adderall, half a can of Axe body spray 
David Guetta With Kid Cudi "Memories" 	Perfect for that pre-dawn beach party in Mykonos. Guetta lays down a dirty Euro-house groove while Kid Cudi recalls an epic rager.	"All the crazy shit I did tonight/ Those will be the best memories." 	This man has been in the club since 1984: French-born Guetta got his start spinning house and hip-hop at Parisian nightclubs when he was 17.	Crystal MDMA washed down with Veuve Clicquot rosé on Christian Audigier's yacht 

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Clarence Clemons' E Street Memories

In 'Big Man,' Bruce's sax player opens up about life on the road

By Andy Greene

ABOUT SIX YEARS AGO, E Street Band saxophone player Clarence Clemons was fishing and drinking moonshine with his friend Don Reo when they got



Big Man: Real Life and Tall Tales
By Clarence Clemons

an idea: They should turn all of Clemons' wild tales of life on the road into a book. "When you read this book, you can feel the love that Bruce and I have for each other," says Clemons, who has been playing with Springsteen since 1971. In *Big Man* (written with Reo, creator of the sitcom *Blossom*), Clemons opens up about the birth of the E Street Band, recent health problems and his special bond with Bruce.

THE BEGINNING Clemons, laboring as a social worker and moonlighting as a sax player in a Jersey Shore bar band, de-



BLOOD BROTHERS
Clemons and Springsteen

cided to check out a hot new singer on the Asbury Park scene. "It was one of those nor'easters - cold, raining, lightning and thunder," says Clemons. "Now, this is God's honest truth. I open the door to the club and a gust of wind blew the door right out of my hand and down the street. So here I am, a big black guy, in Asbury Park, with lightning flashing behind me. I said to Bruce, 'I

want to sit in.' He says, 'Sure, anything you want!'"

E STREET BLUES Clemons was touring Japan with Ringo Starr in 1989 when Springsteen called. "He tells me, 'Big Man, it's over,'" Clemons says. "I thought he was telling me the Ringo tour was over, because we were about to go back in the studio and I had to come home. I say, 'I'll be there tomorrow.' Bruce says, 'No, man, I'm

breaking up the band.'" Clemons was angry "for about two minutes. I left that day knowing the E Street Band would never be disbanded." Less than a decade later, Springsteen phoned again to reunite the group, which has been touring on and off ever since.

SUPER BOWL SHUFFLE After undergoing double knee-replacement surgery, Clemons wasn't sure if he could make it to the E Street Band's Super Bowl gig earlier this year. "They haven't made a drug that can touch this pain," Clemons said after the surgery. "I feel like I'm made of pain."

On the morning of the show, Clemons was coughing up blood, but he was determined to make it: "The steps I took onstage that night were the first steps I had taken in three months. I thank Bruce for helping me get in my head that I could walk again. The stage is a healing floor. No matter how bad you hurt, when you get out there you can do it." **2**

First Anthology for 'Deep Blues' Author

A decade after his death, great new collection from RS critic Robert Palmer

By David Browne

IN 1980, MUSIC JOURNALIST Robert Palmer was invited to drop by the sessions for John Lennon and Yoko Ono's *Double Fantasy* in New York.



Blues & Chaos: The Music Writing of Robert Palmer
By Robert Palmer

When Palmer arrived, Lennon was adding background vocals to "(Just Like) Starting Over." Palmer noted that Lennon had sung his parts perfectly in key. Lennon, impressed by Palmer's ear, said, "You'll do."

As Lennon learned, Palmer - who died in 1997 of complications from liver disease at 52 - led a life immersed in music. He was an author (of *Deep Blues*, a history of Mississippi Delta music), a record producer, a documentary filmmaker, a college professor, even a horn player. But Palmer was foremost a critic equally skilled at writing about John Coltrane, Lightnin' Hopkins and Philip Glass - and his work has been anthologized for the first time in *Blues & Chaos: The Music Writing of Robert Palmer*.

Compiled by ROLLING STONE contributing editor Anthony DeCurtis, *Blues & Chaos* collects revealing interviews with Eric Clapton, Jerry Lee Lewis and William S. Burroughs; liner notes for box sets



Palmer

by Led Zeppelin, Ray Charles and Bo Diddley; and in-depth stories on the history of Texas blues and the early years of the Band. Palmer was so prolific that DeCurtis spent years tracking down thousands of old clips. "Bob deserved that treatment," says DeCurtis, who was Palmer's editor at RS in the 1990s. "This is somebody who really believed that music could take you to another world."

ROLLING STONE editor Ed Ward recruited Palmer to write

for the magazine in 1970, which he did for the rest of his life. In 1981, Palmer became *The New York Times*' head pop critic, introducing readers to everyone from Sonic Youth to blues-guitar great Otis Rush. In 1988, Palmer left the *Times* and returned south - to Mississippi and later Louisiana - to teach and also to deal with addictions to cocaine and heroin. Fighting hepatitis C, he fell ill in 1997 and died while awaiting a liver transplant. In a sign of the regard with which Palmer was held, Patti Smith, Allen Toussaint, Alex Chilton and others played a series of benefits to help pay his medical bills.

"He talked the talk," says Robbie Robertson, who met Palmer in Arkansas in the Sixties. "He would look further inside of what you were doing, and he knew where things came from. It was so moving to me that somebody knew what well you got your water from." **2**

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Songs From Her Father: Rosanne Cash Sings Johnny's Favorites

On 'The List,' Rosanne Cash tackles 12 classics by Dylan, Merle Haggard
By Brian Hiatt

AS JOHNNY CASH'S TOUR bus rumbled through the South one afternoon in 1973, he sat with a yellow legal pad and wrote out a list of 100 classic American songs for his 18-year-old daughter.

CHECKING IN

"He said, 'This is your education,' and it was like this vista just opened up for me," recalls Rosanne Cash, who held on to the document all these years and has finally recorded 12 of the songs (from Jimmie Rodgers' "Miss the Mississippi and You" to Merle Haggard's "Silver Wings") on her new album, *The List*. "I wanted to connect with him, and I wanted to learn these songs – it was exciting. My dad understood every critical juncture in American music – protest songs, early folk songs, Appalachian, Delta blues, Southern gospel, early country."

Rosanne went on to a 33-year career as a singer-songwriter, dodging the weight of her father's legacy – she wanted to be known as an artist in her own right, not as a legend's daughter. With *The List*, however, she's ready for a change. "I was never really able to embrace it before," she says. "I always had a chip on my shoulder about it, almost to my detriment. I could've asked for his advice more often. It's kind of unseemly at this point in my life to keep doing that. I want to claim all of it." Now she's already pondering Volume Two.

When she was 18, Cash had just started writing songs. Around the time her father gave her the list, she was in the middle of a separate roots-music initiation from no less a source than the Carter Family, via her stepmother, June Carter Cash. "I was on the road, and Helen Carter was teaching me how to play guitar," she recalls. "Helen was the one who really



Cash's Ultimate Playlist

The singer talks about five tracks from her new album

"Girl From the North Country"

This was the most intimidating because I had my dad and Bob's version in my head. So I went back to Dylan's original, which has roots in Elizabethan folk.

"Long Black Veil"

I really felt my dad around the most when I was recording this one. I mean, I'm not talking about ghosts, just the spirit of who he was and how much he loved these songs. I just

kept thinking, "Dad would be so happy that I'm doing this." There were times I cried in the studio.

"I'm Movin' On"

You couldn't have called Hank Snow's version "sexy." And I wanted to make it sexy. It had to be sexy and kind of tongue-in-cheek for a woman to sing it.

"Heartaches by the Number"

(With Elvis Costello)
This song is so structured. Elvis was the perfect

guy to blow out the stops on it and really shake it up – because he's completely out of his mind.

"Motherless Children"

It's an old, old song and has been done dozens of times by everyone from the Louvin Brothers to Eric Clapton. I knew it from Helen [Carter], and when I was recording, I just felt Helen the whole time. I'm a skeptic, but I just felt her and kept thinking about her.

put in the time with me to show me how to play 'Banks of the Ohio' – all of these Appalachian songs, Carter Family songs."

Rosanne's stepmother, mother (Johnny's first wife, Vivian Cash) and father all died in recent years, and she had a major health scare in 2007, undergoing brain surgery. "I came out the other side really not giving a shit what people thought about me anymore," she says. "With all these kind of cataclysmic events in my life, if

I was gonna step into a musical legacy, now was the time to do it." It took Cash years to understand just how important the list was: "He wasn't just giving me an education – he wanted to give me something of himself," she says. "These songs defined him. I mean, he was a guy who had so much rhythm in him all the time he could never sit still. And these songs, more than anything, anchored him and described who he was as a human being."

IN THE NEWS

Beatles Game Leads Sales Spike

Four years after the introduction of *Guitar Hero*, music games are still selling strongly: *The Beatles: Rock Band* sold 595,000 copies and *Guitar Hero 5* sold 499,000 copies in September. Sales for music games had plunged 46 percent through August, leading some in the gaming industry to wonder if the segment had peaked. "The sales are great, considering the state of the economy," says David Riley of the NPD Group, who notes that music titles made up 19 percent of September's software sales. "One reason for the strong sales is obviously the power of the Beatles and their ability to resonate even 40 years later," says Scott Guthrie, general manager of MTV Games, which publishes *Rock Band*.

IN BRIEF

■ An unreleased **Bob Dylan** song called "California" will debut on an episode of the CBS crime drama *NCIS* on November 3rd. (It will also be available on a soundtrack album released the same day.) The acoustic track, which shares a melody and some lyrics with "Outlaw Blues," was recorded in 1965, during the sessions for Dylan's *Bringing It All Back Home*, and has remained in the vaults since. It has been freshly mixed and mastered for this release.

■ **The Rock and Roll Hall of Fame** will honor **Janis Joplin** with a three-week conference, culminating in a concert on November 14th – featuring Lucinda Williams, Guy Clark, Nona Hendryx, Bettye Lavette, Country Joe McDonald, Susan Tedeschi and others at the State Theater in Cleveland.

■ Nearly a decade after his retirement, **Garth Brooks** has announced plans for a five-year residency at the Wynn Las Vegas hotel and casino, beginning on December 11th. The shows will be staged at an intimate 1,500-seat theater and will feature the country superstar singing his hits – and a few covers – on solo acoustic guitar.

■ Citing "irreconcilable differences," **Avril Lavigne** filed for divorce from her husband, Sum 41 singer **Deryck Whibley**, in September.



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King of Blue-Eyed Soul: Rod Stewart Covers the R&B Greats

On his new album, *Soulbook*, singer takes on Motown, Stax hits
By Austin Scaggs

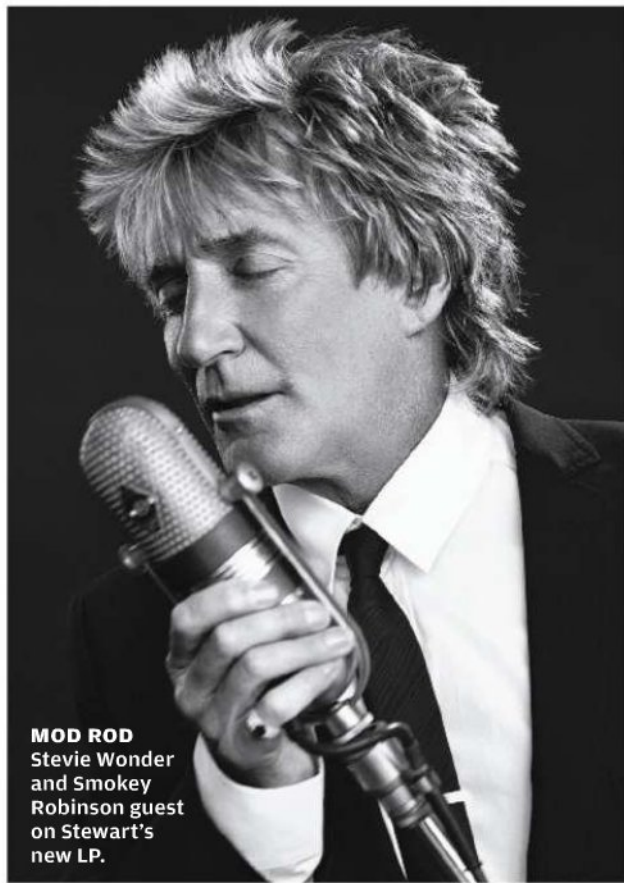
IN THE PAST DECADE, Rod Stewart's four-part *American Songbook* series has sold a staggering 19 million copies. The British singer's new classic covers record, *Soulbook*, will certainly sell well, but it's also his most personal set in years. "These songs shaped me," says Stewart. "I

Q&A

can't wait to go out and sing them." (Stewart is also releasing a box set of rarities dating back to the Seventies.) On the new LP, Stewart takes on the giants of soul: the Temptations' "Just My Imagination," Stevie Wonder's "My Cherie Amour" (with Wonder on harmonica) and "Tracks of My Tears" (with help from Smokey Robinson). "At least we have a few up-tempo songs," says Stewart, 64. "But not too much. I don't want to upset my arthritis."

You recorded dozens of covers for this project. Who decided what made the cut?
The label just sort of left it up to me and [producer] Steve Jordan. There was a lot of pushing, shoving and spitting. There's only one track that I insisted on: "Rainy Night in Georgia." We gave up some of my personal favorites, like two Jerry Butler songs, but maybe if this does well, we'll do another one.

You saw Otis Redding perform in London in 1967.
Yes, that was the second American act I'd ever seen – my first was Bill Haley and the Comets. Otis played at a theater in North London with Carla Thomas, Booker T. and the MG's, and all the Stax people. Otis only did about 25 minutes – "Try a Little Tenderness," "Day Tripper" and "(I Can't Get No) Satisfaction." He was steaming. A huge man. When he walked on the stage, you felt his presence.



MOD ROD
Stevie Wonder and Smokey Robinson guest on Stewart's new LP.

"When I met Wilson Pickett, it was the greatest experience of my life."

What outfit were you wearing that night?
[Laughs] Something very fashionable from Carnaby Street, no doubt. I'm sure my haircut was the same, though.

Have you ever seen any concerts that matched that intensity?
Never. These days, I have to get dragged to see concerts, but I thoroughly enjoyed Arcade Fire at the Hollywood Bowl. They were fabulous.

Is there any soul music that's too sacred to cover?
I didn't touch Wilson Pickett. I've met and sung for the royal family, but when I met Wilson Pickett at Clive Davis' Grammy ball, that was the greatest experience of my life.

In April, you reunited with old bandmate Jeff Beck for the first time in over two

decades, at a show in L.A. How did that happen?

We've got a mutual road manager, and he instigated it. It was an emotional experience – it's nice to be on friendly terms with Jeff again. Not that we were archenemies, but when we were in the Jeff Beck Group, we weren't really mates. After the show, I sent Jeff a list of songs I think we could record, Muddy Waters stuff like "I Got My Brand on You" and "Hoochie Coochie Man." We're probably nearer to doing that than doing anything with the Faces.

What's up with the Faces?
They're doing a show soon, because the Faces have been awarded some honor, like Greatest Drunks in the World. I can't make it, but there'll be a bunch of guests in my place. I have to get me old job back. ☘

TRIBUTES



Peterson

Dickie Peterson

1946-2009

Dickie Peterson, frontman and bassist of the 1960s proto-metal power trio Blue Cheer, died of cancer on October 12th in Erkelenz, Germany. He was 63. Named after a potent strain of LSD, the San Francisco-based Blue Cheer hit Number 14 in 1968 with their debut single – an intense, fuzzed-out cover of Eddie Cochran's "Summertime Blues." Blue Cheer are considered by many to be the first heavy-metal group – their mix of blues, raucous jams and heavy distortion inspired bands like Led Zeppelin and Deep Purple. Says Rush drummer Neil Peart: "Dickie Peterson left deafening echoes in a thousand other bands in the following decades, thrilling some, angering others and disturbing everything – like art is supposed to do." The original trio dissolved in 1971, though in recent years, Peterson toured with new lineups. **ANDY GREENE**

Brendan Mullen

1949-2009

Brendan Mullen, founder of the L.A. punk club Masque, died of a stroke on October 12th in Ventura, California, at the age of 60. The gritty Hollywood basement club was the breeding ground for the L.A. punk and underground rock scene of the late Seventies, helping to launch bands like X, the Germs and the Go-Go's. "Before the Masque opened, there was literally no place for us to play," says X guitarist Billy Zoom. "People compare it to CBGB, but it was a lot sleazier." **A.G.**

Steve Ferguson

1948-2009

Steve Ferguson, founder and guitarist of NRBQ, died of cancer on October 7th in Louisville, Kentucky, at 60. Ferguson was a key architect of NRBQ's unique fusion of rockabilly, country, pop and jazz. **A.G.**

A promotional poster for the TV show 'Lie to Me'. It features a close-up portrait of actor James Van Der Beek. He has a wide, toothy smile, but his face is marked with several injuries: a large bruise on his forehead, a small laceration on his nose, and significant bruising around both eyes. He is wearing a dark, collared shirt. The background is dark and out of focus.

truth hurts

Lie to me*
MON 9/8c FOX

"I never knew any of [Weezer's] songs except some song about a sweater." —Kenny G

Random Notes



For love, they'll give it a shot: Richie Sambora and Jon Bon Jovi.

Jersey Boys

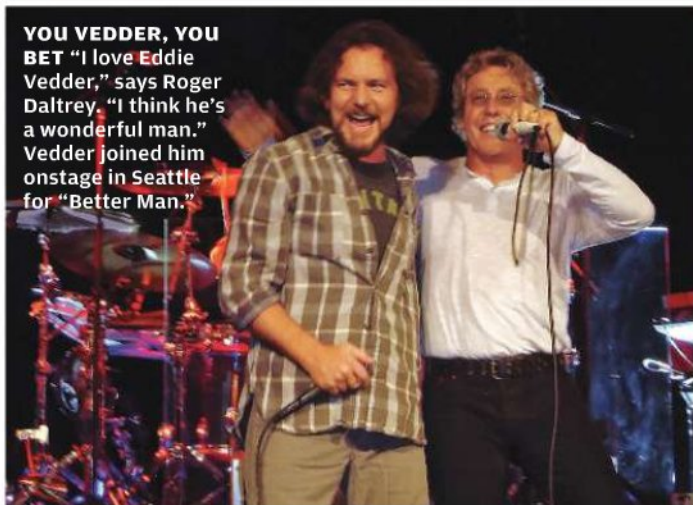
Giants Stadium is going down in a blaze of glory, thanks to the local rockers. Bruce Springsteen played the venue's final show, doing the *Born to Run* album plus his farewell tribute, "Wrecking Ball." (Little-known Garden State trivia: Did you realize Springsteen is from Jersey? It's true!) Bon Jovi announced they'll do the first shows at the new East Rutherford stadium after it opens in April. No name for the future stadium yet - but they should totally call it "Jungland."

Springsteen spots a Patriots fan in the crowd. Oh, it got ugly.



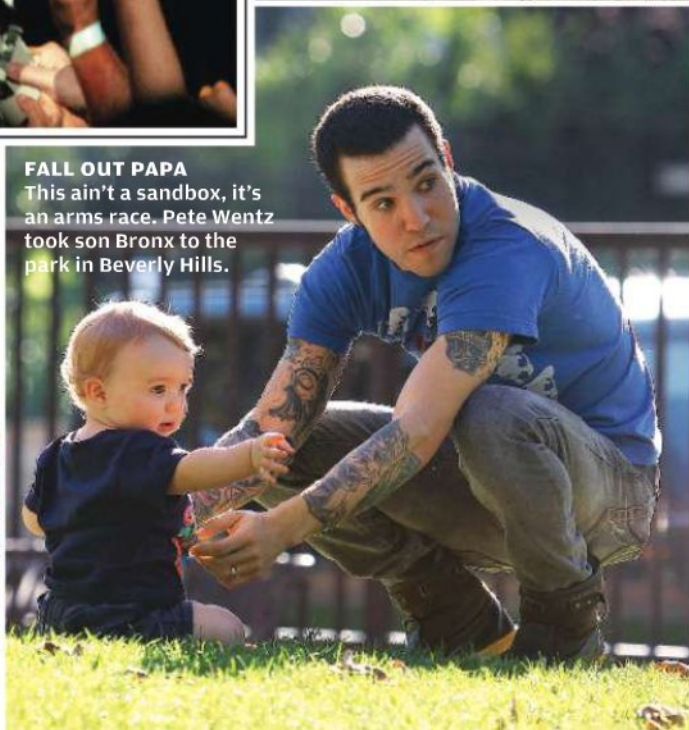
CROCS IN THE ATTIC
Even in Maui, Steven Tyler is every inch a rock star, prowling the streets of Makawao the night before Aerosmith's back-in-the-saddle Hawaii show.

YOU VEDDER, YOU BET "I love Eddie Vedder," says Roger Daltrey. "I think he's a wonderful man." Vedder joined him onstage in Seattle for "Better Man."



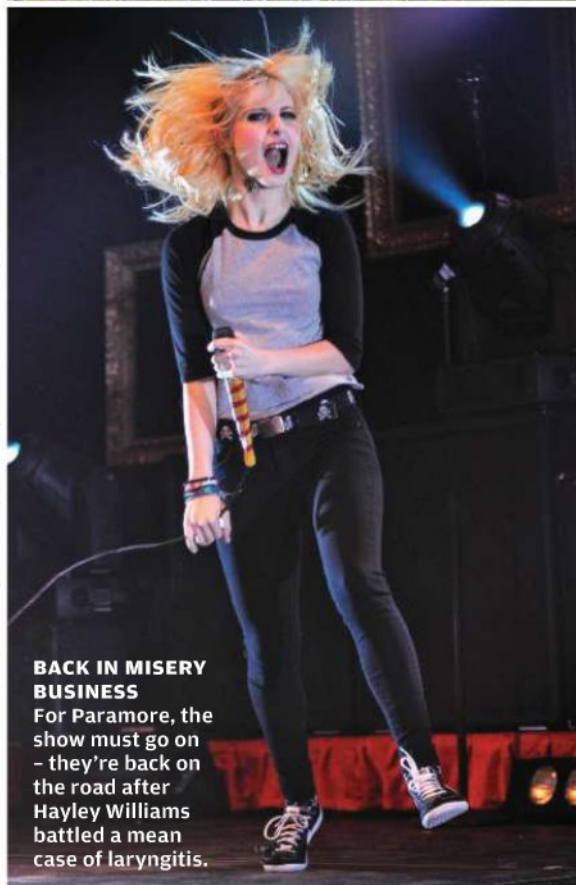
FALL OUT PAPA

This ain't a sandbox, it's an arms race. Pete Wentz took son Bronx to the park in Beverly Hills.

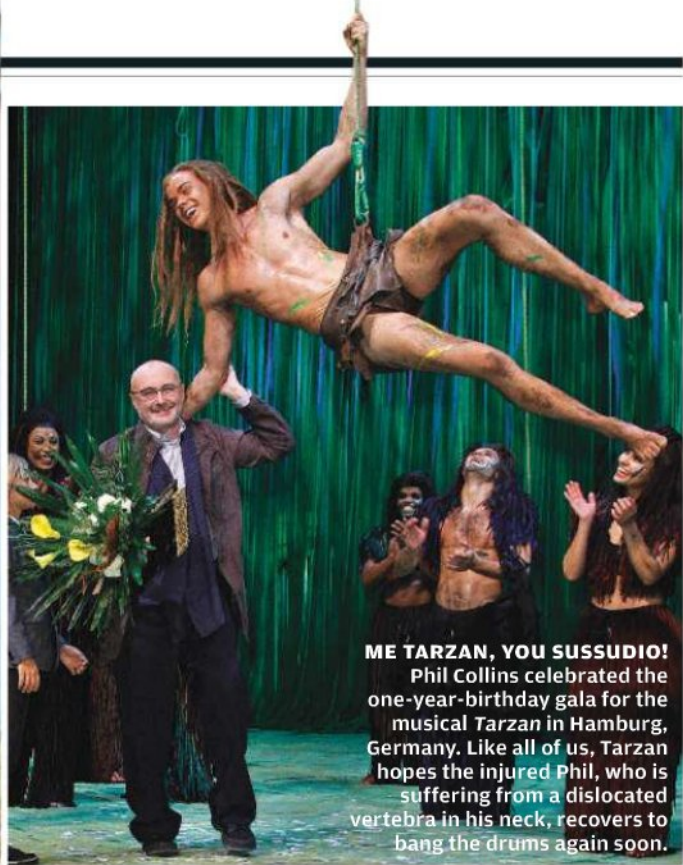




HE CAUGHT THE KATY
Katy Perry thinks, "Hmm, this chick's pretty hot. But what's with her beard?" Surprise, Katy! That's a dude! Russell Brand!



BACK IN MISERY BUSINESS
For Paramore, the show must go on - they're back on the road after Hayley Williams battled a mean case of laryngitis.



ME TARZAN, YOU SUSSUDIO!
Phil Collins celebrated the one-year-birthday gala for the musical *Tarzan* in Hamburg, Germany. Like all of us, Tarzan hopes the injured Phil, who is suffering from a dislocated vertebra in his neck, recovers to bang the drums again soon.



VIVA LA ALICIA
Alicia Keys tore it up with Coldplay's Chris Martin for the "Keep a Child Alive" benefit in New York.



SHARP DRESSED MEN
Macedonian Prime Minister Nikola Gruevski welcomed ZZ Top to his country, before their gig in Skopje. In Macedonia, tush goes looking for you!



Sitcom vs. Reality

'Modern Family' revels in its reality-TV-style schlock, and that's why it might help save the sitcom from cultural irrelevance **By Rob Sheffield**

THE BEST GAG ON "MODERN Family"? Bringing back Ed O'Neill as the patriarch of the Pritchett clan, 20 years after he first ran amok as Al Bundy on *Married... With Children*. Especially since his ex-wife is Shelley Long, from *Cheers*. What better metaphor could you want for the state of the sitcom? That's the world *Modern Family* lives in, surrounded by the messed-up, dysfunctional children of *Cheers* and *Married... With Children*. Once upon a time, they were opposite ends of the spectrum: *Cheers* was for adults who aspired to be classy and poignant, whereas

Modern Family
Wednesdays, 9 p.m., ABC

Married... With Children was sleazorama for cretins like me, who got off on jokes about beer and cannibalism. At the time, it would have been unthinkable that Al Bundy and Diane Chambers would have raised a bunch of screwy kids together. But now, it's like watching a twilight of the sitcom idols, the king and queen of vanquished Eighties warrior tribes.

Within minutes of *Modern Family* hitting the airwaves, people were already buzzing that the sitcom was back. But back from where, and back to what? Like Jesus, glowsticks or red meat, sitcoms are always on the verge of a comeback, but it usually turns out to be wishful thinking. Only a decade ago, sitcoms ruled the nightlife of America's couch commandos. In the heady days of *Must See TV*, this was where everyone stole jokes from; everyone else on TV was happy just to be near them and bask in their glow. The mighty sitcom *was* prime-time television, and nobody had a problem with that. But now it's like sitcoms have turned into sonnets or kung-fu flicks or something – they barely matter in our imaginations. It's gotten to the point that the one that tops the ratings is *Two and a Half Men*, where Charlie Sheen and Jon Cryer adopt an orphan, but who really knows – or cares?

In the pre-reality-TV era, it was soothing to rely on classic sitcom script staples like "Everybody gets stuck in an elevator" or "Two dates for the same night" or "Estranged relative comes to town." But

nowadays there are entire reality shows dedicated to each of these scenarios, and they just move new casts in and out of the setup. Why keep cranking out shenanigans for Laverne and Shirley to get into when you can just make the shenanigan the star of the show?

That's what's so current about *Modern Family*: There's none of the "Let's reinvent the format" energy of *Arrested*

THE WATCH LIST

The Prisoner
Starts Sunday, November 15th, 8 p.m., AMC

You can't blame them for trying to remake this U.K. classic – it's still a chilling trip, where a normal guy wakes up in a prison camp. But it turns into standard action fare. The only sign of life is Ian McKellen as the sinister (and unfortunately named) Number Two.

Alaska State Troopers
Wednesdays, 10 p.m., National Geographic

Now this is some stoner-friendly TV, as Alaska's finest trudge through the tundra to battle drunk snowmobilers and moose-eating bears. **R.S.**

Development or *Freaks and Geeks*. Instead, there's a vibe of "Let's just accept our reduced place in the universe and sing in our chains." Even the show's name, the ultimate generic title, is a mocking joke.

Like *The Office*, *Modern Family* is filmed as a faux reality show. In the original U.K. *Office*, back when this format was new, the characters were always explaining why a camera crew was there filming a documentary. But now nobody feels obliged to acknowledge a thing, because reality-TV families have taken over from sitcom ones. And this is a very reality-TV style of family. There's the cute gay couple who keep bitching each other out with lines like "I could have killed this crowd, but you had to clip my wings, which you used to be the wind beneath!" There's the boring straight couple, where the dad uses inept text lingo like "WTF – Why the face?"

But then there's the paterfamilias, Al Bundy, and his hot young Colombian wife, Sofia Vergara from *Soul Plane*. In that movie, she's the spicy flight attendant who's gotten banged in the cockpit so often, she can land the plane with her ass – not a bad analogy for how she steers each scene. O'Neill and Vergara are the whole reason for *Modern Family*, and when they're not onscreen, you patiently wait until they return. Their comic chemistry makes the show, because they play it as a sincere and sickening reality-TV marriage rather than a wacky sitcom one. When she purrs, "I'm going to take a shower," she adds, "Do you care to join me?" We all know what the old sitcom punch line to that would be – "At my age I'd need a life raft" or "Can't I wait till *Matlock* is over?" (Al Bundy would whine, "Aaaw, Peg – we did that last year!") But O'Neill looks her in the eye and says, "You know, honey, there's a gun in the foot locker in the garage. If I ever say no to that question, I want you to use it on me." In a word, *eeew*. But that's the kick of *Modern Family*, as O'Neill and his crew steal back some of the comedy thunder from reality TV. It's almost like *Modern Family* had to destroy the sitcom in order to save it. **D**



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SPORTS



How to Wreck a Team

The NFL's worst owner, Daniel Snyder, has ruined the Redskins, one of the most storied franchises in sports By Matt Taibbi

LIKE MANY OTHER executives who have clung to positions of power for too long in the city of Washington, Redskins owner Daniel Snyder – since George W. Bush left town, the city's most dangerous spoiled rich cheerleader – is a man who has a fundamental misunderstanding of the great responsibility resting on his shoulders. In typical Washington spirit, he spent a decade throwing gazillions at perpetual failure and this year attacked a crisis of his own making (in his case, an NFL team that couldn't score 17 points against a 145-pound-and-under Pop Warner club) with the same policies that got him there: big-ticket free agents, bad coaching hires and enough neurotic meddling to make George Steinbrenner look like the Dalai Lama.

You have a responsibility to deliver as a football owner when you live in a city whose only other diversions are a basketball team that used to be called the Bullets and a once-good baseball team that used to be called the Montre-

al Expos (before someone decided to douse its players in suck juice, dress them up in bright-red uniforms that appeared to have been stolen off the backs of two-and-a-half-star-hotel bell captains, and bus them to Washington). The Redskins are the only real pro-sports franchise in the nation's capital, and what did Dan Snyder do with it?

Well, what has Dan Snyder ever done, except blaze a trail as the prototypical dipshit sports owner who turns virtually unlimited resources (the Redskins are consistently listed as one of the most valuable franchises in sports) and perhaps the country's most passionate fan base into losses to the historically awful Detroit Lions? And his performance this year has been a tour de force of executive douchery, solidifying his status as the very worst owner not just in football but in sports.

Hall of Fame Redskins running back John Riggins summed up Snyder's ownership best when he said, "You have a child that owns the team. It's just this raging narcissism that is actu-

ally running things," adding that Snyder needs to hire a "Bill Parcells type" to manage the franchise and "then go to Mongolia and live in a yurt."

But there is a lot to dislike about Snyder even before you get to his football ownership strategy. He made his fortune via a company called Snyder Communications Inc., whose main business was selling off lists of phone numbers and addresses to companies for direct-mail and telemarketing campaigns. This motherfucker bought one of the most storied franchises in sports on the back of the junk mail clogging your box and the sales calls from haranguing call-center slaves pinging your telephone. He looks like a cross between Mitt Romney and a male nurse, with a spray-helmeted cube of black mannequin hair atop the pinched, entitled face of a guy bitching at a Howard Johnson's waitress about his curly fries not being curly enough.

His post-game locker-room forays often seem pained and uncomfort-

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR ILLUSTRATION, FROM LEFT: PAUL SANCYA/AP IMAGES; PABLO MARTINEZ MONSIVAIS/AP IMAGES; LUIS M. ALVAREZ/AP IMAGES

able, with a complete lack of recognition on Snyder's part that it is the players who have just been busting their asses out on the field. (Can you imagine Wellington Mara charging into a locker room in a tie and screaming, "We play physical, we win! Yeah!") If the Sunday-night highlights show an owner in a suit and tie running around the clubhouse unable to find someone to hug him, it's a good bet that it's Snyder – the players, for all the money he throws at them, look like they wouldn't touch him with a two-foot Whizzinator.

Snyder's performance this year – marked mainly by the non-trade for a competent quarterback like Jay Cutler or Matt Cassel and the public undermining of head coach Jim Zorn – has been a triumphant culmination of a long career of innovative mis-owning. If there is a mistake an NFL owner can make, Snyder probably pioneered it.

Snyder will forever be remembered as the first owner who tried to buy a fantasy team of All-Pro free agents (remember the Bruce Smith/Deion Sanders team in 2000?), only to miss the playoffs when it turned out you also need a bench, an offensive line and some special-team players to win games. His MO as a free-agent shop-

per is invariably the same: Give obscene money to guys who are either borderline talents (like Antwaan Randle-El and London Fletcher) or me-first types with attitude problems (like DeAngelo Hall, a guy who wouldn't cover Hitler running loose in the flat for less than \$6 million, or Albert Haynesworth, a charter member of the Contract-Year Overachiever Hall of Fame).

And what's more, you spend this money not when

Daniel Snyder's performance this year is a tour de force of executive douchery.

you're close, when you've got the right QB and you're near enough to competing for a Super Bowl that one more signing will do, but when you're a vast, rocky continent away from winning and piloted by a clenched-cheeks sideline rookie like Jim Zorn. The Skins play in a division with three of the most talented teams in the NFL, and here's Snyder spending \$155 million this year on two players when he's still got Jason Campbell – who'd be cut from the new Levitra ad because he can't throw the ball through the fucking tire – under center.

Memo to the Players Union

One quick note: It says here in this column that we must all hope that NFL players union chief DeMaurice Smith comes to his senses and drops his opposition to Rush Limbaugh's bid to become a partial owner of the St. Louis Rams. For one simple reason:

The Rams already suck so mightily that the addition of an owner who thinks black quarterbacks are overrated just might make for the most entertainingly awful sports drama ever – a situation that will be particularly gleeful for those of us who think the world would be improved if Rush Lim-

baugh were to accidentally fall into a pit full of hungry Komodo dragons. I personally cannot wait to see the all-white secondary of the Limbaugh Rams manning up against Calvin Johnson and Brandon Pettigrew and listening to the crowd at Ford Field roar as the heavily favored Lions waltz time and again into the end zone as Rush looks on from the visiting owners' suite through a Lortab haze. This is too much potential fun not to let happen. Sometimes, DeMaurice, baby, you've got to just let it ride. Bring on Rush! Mega-ditto, motherfucker!

Snyder is also the poster child for the serial-coach-changing species of owner, the self-promoting moneybags type who whimsically drops \$25 million on a name hire like Joe Gibbs or Steve Spurrier during the happy off-season months (flashing the "I sure got my man, didn't I, you penniless losers?" grin during the post-deal presser) but then pukes in his shoes and starts reaching for the nuclear button when he doesn't get immediate results during the season. Snyder is close kin to Jerry Jones in this department, but Jones at least has demonstrated the ability to back off in the interest of winning – which Snyder never has.

Worst of all, Snyder is a meddler. When an owner publicly cuts his head coach's balls off and puts in some guy off the street to call plays (nothing against Sherm Lewis, who Snyder just installed to run the offense, but he hasn't been in the league for five years), players know they can officially start jogging during drills.

The Rooneys in Pittsburgh are a great example of how to do it up right. Neither Art nor Dan even blinked when Bill Cowher put up a 6-10 season back in '03. They hire coaches with the frequency of the appearance of the Hale-Bopp comet, avoid pricey free-agent hires, and every year put teams on the field that play in the snow, run on first and second down, and beat the living shit out of quarterbacks. They don't market stars, they market pain and punishment, and when they don't win, they don't panic.

That's how smart owners do it, and then there's Dan Snyder. At least Al Davis would be interesting to get stuck sitting next to on a flight to Long Beach. And at least Al Davis is, well, old. As it often is in Washington, D.C., the wait for real change will be a long one.

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Climate Rage

The only way to stop global warming is for rich nations to pay for the damage they've done – or face the consequences

★ By Naomi Klein ★

ONE LAST CHANCE TO SAVE the world – for months, that's how the United Nations summit on climate change in Copenhagen, which starts in early December, was being hyped. Officials from 192 countries were finally going to make a deal to keep global temperatures below catastrophic levels. The summit called for "that old comic-book sensibility of uniting in the face of a common danger threatening the Earth," said Todd Stern, President Obama's chief envoy on climate issues. "It's not a meteor or a space invader, but the damage to our planet, to

our community, to our children and their children will be just as great."

That was back in March. Since then, the endless battle over health care reform has robbed much of the president's momentum on climate change. With Copenhagen now likely to begin before Congress has passed even a weak-ass climate bill co-authored by the coal lobby, U.S. politicians have dropped the superhero metaphors and are scrambling to lower expectations for achieving a serious deal at the climate summit. It's just one meeting, says U.S. Energy Secretary Steven Chu, not "the be-all and end-all."

As faith in government action dwindles, however, climate activists are treating Copenhagen as an opportunity of a different kind. On track to be the largest environmental gathering in history, the summit represents a chance to seize the political terrain back from business-friendly half-measures, such as carbon offsets and emissions trading, and introduce some effective, common-sense proposals – ideas that have less to do with creating complex new markets for pollution and more to do with keeping coal and oil in the ground.

Among the smartest and most promising – not to mention controversial –

proposals is "climate debt," the idea that rich countries should pay reparations to poor countries for the climate crisis. In the world of climate-change activism, this marks a dramatic shift in both tone and content. American environmentalism tends to treat global warming as a force that transcends difference: We all share this fragile blue planet, so we all need to work together to save it. But the coalition of Latin American and African governments making the case for climate debt actually stresses difference, zeroing in on the cruel contrast between those who caused the climate crisis (the developed world) and those who are suffering its worst effects (the developing world). Justin Lin, chief economist at the World Bank, puts the equation bluntly: "About 75 to 80 percent" of the damages caused by global warming "will be suffered by developing countries, although they only contribute about one-third of greenhouse gases."

Climate debt is about who will pick up the bill. The grass-roots movement behind the proposal argues that all the costs associated with adapting to a more hostile ecology – everything from building stronger sea walls to switching to cleaner, more expensive technologies – are the responsibility of the countries that created the crisis. "What we need is not something we should be begging for but something that is owed to us, because we are dealing with a crisis not of our making," says Lidy Nacpil, one of the coordinators of Jubilee South, an international organization that has staged demonstrations to promote climate reparations. "Climate debt is not a matter of charity."

Sharon Looremata, an advocate for Maasai tribespeople in Kenya who have lost at least 5 million cattle to drought in recent years, puts it in even sharper terms.

CASH FOR TRASH
"Climate debt" could assist scavengers who reduce planet-warming waste.



"The Maasai community does not drive 4x4s or fly off on holidays in airplanes," she says. "We have not caused climate change, yet we are the ones suffering. This is an injustice and should be stopped right now."

THE CASE FOR CLIMATE DEBT begins like most discussions of climate change: with the science. Before the Industrial Revolution, the density of carbon dioxide in the atmosphere – the key cause of global warming – was about 280 parts per million. Today, it has reached 387 ppm – far above safe limits – and it's still rising. Developed countries, which represent less than 20 percent of the world's population, have emitted almost 75 percent of all greenhouse-gas pollution that is now destabilizing the climate. (The U.S. alone, which comprises barely five percent of the global population, contributes 25 percent of all carbon emissions.) And

while developing countries like China and India have also begun to spew large amounts of carbon dioxide, the reasoning goes, they are not equally responsible for the cost of the cleanup, because they have contributed only a small fraction of the 200 years of cumulative pollution that has caused the crisis.

In Latin America, left-wing economists have long argued that Western powers owe a vaguely defined "ecological debt" to the continent for centuries of colonial land-grabs and resource extraction. But the emerging argument for climate debt is far more concrete, thanks to a relatively new body of research putting precise figures on who emitted what and when. "What is exciting," says Antonio Hill, senior climate adviser at Oxfam, "is you can really put numbers on it. We can measure it in tons of CO₂ and come up with a cost."

Equally important, the idea is supported by the United Nations Framework Con-

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THREAT ASSESSMENT

THE GOOD, THE BAD AND THE SCARY

Judge fines Birther queen **Orly Taitz** \$20,000 for legal "misconduct."

State Department on Obama's Nobel: Helps when U.S. "has accolades tossed its way, rather than **shoes**."

Michele Bachmann **action figure** sells only 50 copies.

USS New York, built with recycled World Trade Center steel, sets sail.

NFL blocks **Rush Limbaugh's** bid to buy St. Louis Rams.

Japanese airline asks passengers to shit before boarding to **lower aircraft weight**, carbon emissions.

New poll low: Only 20 percent of Americans identify as Republicans.

Legalizing pot more popular than **creationism**.

Low-lying Maldives holds **underwater Cabinet meeting** to call for global reductions in sea-raising climate pollution.

St. Brachim Bild

vention on Climate Change – ratified by 192 countries, including the United States. The framework not only asserts that “the largest share of historical and current global emissions of greenhouse gases has originated in developed countries,” it clearly states that actions taken to fix the problem should be made “on the basis of equity and in accordance with their common but differentiated responsibilities.”

The reparations movement has brought together a diverse coalition of big international organizations, from Friends of the Earth to the World Council of Churches, that have joined up with climate scientists and political economists, many of them linked to the influential Third World Network, which has been leading the call. Until recently, however, there was no gov-

“Millions of people – in small islands, least-developed countries, landlocked countries as well as vulnerable communities in Brazil, India and China, and all around the world – are suffering from the effects of a problem to which they did not contribute,” Navarro told the packed room. In addition to facing an increasingly hostile climate, she added, countries like Bolivia cannot fuel economic growth with cheap and dirty energy, as the rich countries did, since that would only add to the climate crisis – yet they cannot afford the heavy upfront costs of switching to renewable energies like wind and solar.

The solution, Navarro argued, is threefold. Rich countries need to pay the costs associated with adapting to a changing climate, make deep cuts to their own emis-

nations to pay their climate debt, and 49 of the world’s least-developed countries will take the demand to Copenhagen as a negotiating bloc.

“If we are to curb emissions in the next decade, we need a massive mobilization larger than any in history,” Navarro declared at the end of her talk. “We need a Marshall Plan for the Earth. This plan must mobilize financing and technology transfer on scales never seen before. It must get technology onto the ground in every country to ensure we reduce emissions while raising people’s quality of life. We have only a decade.”

A very expensive decade. The World Bank puts the cost that developing countries face from climate change – everything from crops destroyed by drought and floods to malaria spread by mosquito-infested waters – as high as \$100 billion a year. And shifting to renewable energy, according to a team of United Nations researchers, will raise the cost far more: to as much as \$600 billion a year over the next decade.

Unlike the recent bank bailouts, however, which simply transferred public wealth to the world’s richest financial institutions, the money spent on climate debt would fuel a global environmental transformation essential to saving the entire planet. The most exciting example of what could be accomplished is the ongoing effort to protect Ecuador’s Yasuni National Park. This extraordinary swath of Amazonian rainforest, which is home to several indigenous tribes and a surreal number of rare and exotic animals, contains nearly as many species of trees in 2.5 acres as exist in all of North America. The catch is that underneath that riot of life sits an estimated 850 million barrels of crude oil, worth about \$7 billion. Burning that oil – and logging the rainforest to get it – would

“To curb global warming,” says a leading climate negotiator, “we need a massive mobilization larger than any in history.”

ernment pushing for climate debt to be included in the Copenhagen agreement. That changed in June, when Angelica Navarro, the chief climate negotiator for Bolivia, took the podium at a U.N. climate negotiation in Bonn, Germany. Only 36 and dressed casually in a black sweater, Navarro looked more like the hippies outside than the bureaucrats and civil servants inside the session. Mixing the latest emissions science with accounts of how melting glaciers were threatening the water supply in two major Bolivian cities, Navarro made the case for why developing countries are owed massive compensation for the climate crisis.

sion levels “to make atmospheric space available” for the developing world, and pay Third World countries to leapfrog over fossil fuels and go straight to cleaner alternatives. “We cannot and will not give up our rightful claim to a fair share of atmospheric space on the promise that, at some future stage, technology will be provided to us,” she said.

The speech galvanized activists across the world. In recent months, the governments of Sri Lanka, Venezuela, Paraguay and Malaysia have endorsed the concept of climate debt. More than 240 environmental and development organizations have signed a statement calling for wealthy

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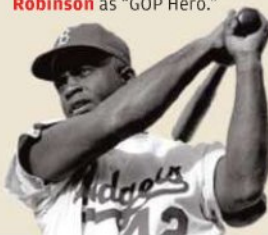
Wall Street compensation back to pre-bailout levels: \$140 billion.

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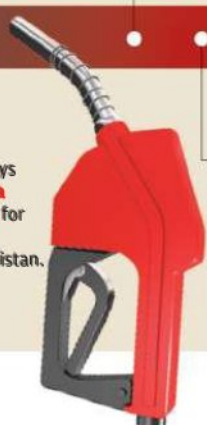


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• AGAINST US •

add another 547 million tons of carbon dioxide to the atmosphere.

Two years ago, Ecuador's center-left president, Rafael Correa, said something very rare for the leader of an oil-exporting nation: He wanted to leave the oil in the ground. But, he argued, wealthy countries should pay Ecuador – where half the population lives in poverty – not to release that carbon into the atmosphere, as “compensation for the damages caused by the out-of-proportion amount of historical and current emissions of greenhouse gases.” He didn't ask for the entire amount; just half. And he committed to spending much of the money to move Ecuador to alternative energy sources like solar and geothermal.

Largely because of the beauty of the Yasuni, the plan has generated widespread international support. Germany has already offered \$70 million a year for 13 years, and several other European governments have expressed interest in participating. If Yasuni is saved, it will demonstrate that climate debt isn't just

be diverted from existing aid programs, such as primary education or HIV prevention. What's more, the funds must be provided as grants, not loans, since the last thing developing countries need is more debt. Furthermore, the money should not be administered by the usual suspects like the World Bank and USAID, which too often push pet projects based on Western agendas, but must be controlled by the United Nations climate convention, where developing countries would have a direct say in how the money is spent.

Without such guarantees, reparations will be meaningless – and without reparations, the climate talks in Copenhagen will likely collapse. As it stands, the U.S. and other Western nations are engaged in a lose-lose game of chicken with developing nations like India and China: We refuse to lower our emissions unless they cut theirs and submit to international monitoring, and they refuse to budge unless wealthy nations cut first and cough up serious funding to help them adapt to climate change

But shunning the high price of climate change carries a cost of its own. U.S. military and intelligence agencies now consider global warming a leading threat to national security. As sea levels rise and droughts spread, competition for food and water will only increase in many of the world's poorest nations. These regions will become “breeding grounds for instability, for insurgencies, for warlords,” according to a 2007 study for the Center for Naval Analyses led by Gen. Anthony Zinni, the former Centcom commander. To keep out millions of climate refugees fleeing hunger and conflict, a report commissioned by the Pentagon in 2003 predicted that the U.S. and other rich nations would likely decide to “build defensive fortresses around their countries.”

Setting aside the morality of building high-tech fortresses to protect ourselves from a crisis we inflicted on the world, those enclaves and resource wars won't come cheap. And unless we pay our climate debt, and quickly, we may well find ourselves living in a world of climate rage. “Privately, we already hear the simmering resentment of diplomats whose countries bear the costs of our emissions,” Sen. John Kerry observed recently. “I can tell you from my own experience: It is real, and it is prevalent. It's not hard to see how this could crystallize into a virulent, dangerous, public anti-Americanism. That's a threat too. Remember: The very places least responsible for climate change – and least equipped to deal with its impacts – will be among the very worst affected.”

That, in a nutshell, is the argument for climate debt. The developing world has always had plenty of reasons to be pissed off with their northern neighbors, with our tendency to overthrow their governments, invade their countries and pillage their natural resources. But never before has there been an issue so politically inflammatory as the refusal of people living in the rich world to make even small sacrifices to avert a potential climate catastrophe. In Bangladesh, the Maldives, Bolivia, the Arctic, our climate pollution is directly responsible for destroying entire ways of life – yet we keep doing it.

From outside our borders, the climate crisis doesn't look anything like the meteors or space invaders that Todd Stern imagined hurtling toward Earth. It looks, instead, like a long and silent war waged by the rich against the poor. And for that, regardless of what happens in Copenhagen, the poor will continue to demand their rightful reparations. “This is about the rich world taking responsibility for the damage done,” says Ilana Solomon, policy analyst for ActionAid USA, one of the groups recently converted to the cause. “This money belongs to poor communities affected by climate change. It is their compensation.”

Without climate reparations, the talks in Copenhagen will likely collapse. “No money, no deal,” says a top African official.

a disguised ploy for more aid – it's a far more credible solution to the climate crisis than the ones we have now. “This initiative needs to succeed,” says Atossa Soltani, executive director of Amazon Watch. “I think we can set a model for other countries.”

ACTIVISTS POINT TO A HUGE range of other green initiatives that would become possible if wealthy countries paid their climate debts. In India, mini power plants that run on biomass and solar power could bring low-carbon electricity to many of the 400 million Indians currently living without a light bulb. In cities from Cairo to Manila, financial support could be given to the armies of impoverished “trash pickers” who save as much as 80 percent of municipal waste in some areas from winding up in garbage dumps and trash incinerators that release planet-warming pollution. And on a much larger scale, coal-fired power plants across the developing world could be converted into more efficient facilities using existing technology, cutting their emissions by more than a third.

But to ensure that climate reparations are real, advocates insist, they must be independent of the current system of international aid. Climate money cannot simply

and switch to clean energy. “No money, no deal,” is how one of South Africa's top environmental officials put it. “If need be,” says Ethiopian Prime Minister Meles Zenawi, speaking on behalf of the African Union, “we are prepared to walk out.”

In the past, President Obama has recognized the principle on which climate debt rests. “Yes, the developed nations that caused much of the damage to our climate over the last century still have a responsibility to lead,” he acknowledged in his September speech at the United Nations. “We have a responsibility to provide the financial and technical assistance needed to help these [developing] nations adapt to the impacts of climate change and pursue low-carbon development.”

Yet as Copenhagen draws near, the U.S. negotiating position appears to be to pretend that 200 years of over-emissions never happened. Todd Stern, the chief U.S. climate negotiator, has scoffed at a Chinese and African proposal that developed countries pay as much as \$400 billion a year in climate financing as “wildly unrealistic” and “untethered to reality.” Yet he put no alternative number on the table – unlike the European Union, which has offered to kick in up to \$22 billion. U.S. negotiators have even suggested that countries could fund climate debt by holding periodic “pledge parties,” making it clear that they see covering the costs of climate change as a matter of whimsy, not duty.

NAOMI KLEIN is the author of “No Logo” and “The Shock Doctrine.” She wrote about Bush's bank bailouts in RS 1065.

Warming Gets Worse

The Arctic is melting faster than predicted – and the resulting release of carbon and methane could prove catastrophic

★ By Jeff Goodell ★

AS NEGOTIATORS PREPARE to gather in Copenhagen next month to try and reach an agreement to halt climate change, the world's leading scientists have come to an alarming conclusion: Global warming is happening even faster than they thought.

The Arctic, it turns out, is melting so quickly that even top ice experts are stunned. Just a few years ago, scientists were assuring us that we wouldn't have an ice-free Arctic until 2100. Now the data suggests that, within a decade or two, there will be sailboats at the North Pole during the summer. The melting Arctic is a ticking time bomb for the Earth's climate – and thanks to our failure to reduce greenhouse-gas pollution, the fuse has already been lit. "It's like man is taking the lid off the northern part of the planet," said Peter Wadhams, an ice expert at the University of Cambridge in England.

The Arctic is more than just a frozen block of ice – it's more like a frozen block of carbon. Beneath the ice, the region is covered with a slab of permafrost – more than 1,000 feet thick in some places – composed of partially decomposed trees, plants, woolly mammoths and other organic matter that lived in the region thousands of years ago. As it thaws, all that rotting debris sends carbon dioxide into the atmosphere. Worse, the debris is a feast for microscopic bugs that transform it into methane, a greenhouse gas at least 20 times more potent than CO₂. All told, there are some 1 trillion metric tons of carbon buried in the Arctic – the equivalent of the oil, gas and coal reserves on the entire planet. From a planetary perspective, melting the Arctic is like firing up the world's largest furnace – one that will belch catastrophic levels of greenhouse gases into the atmosphere.

But that's not the worst of it. A similarly huge amount of methane is frozen in the floor of the shallow seas surrounding the Arctic. As the water warms, these blocks of methane ice can bubble to the surface and release millions of tons of methane – more or less cooking the planet overnight. "If that happens," says Jim White, head of the Institute of Arctic and Alpine Research at the University of Colorado, "we are hosed."

Even without a sudden release of methane, what's happening in the Arctic has created an ever-accelerating feedback loop

that is already speeding up the rate of climate change. As the ice melts, it creates more open water, which absorbs heat faster, which melts ice faster, which warms the water more – and on and on. "One of the biggest questions in climate science is how fast these amplifying feedback loops accelerate," says Ken Caldeira, a climate modeler at the Carnegie Institution. One study found that during periods of rapid sea-ice loss, the land warms three times faster than average, amplifying the feedback loop and further accelerating warming.

A warmer Arctic is likely to have a major impact on our weather; some scientists argue that the loss of summer sea ice is

likely rise by no more than 23 inches by 2100. Now, thanks largely to the radical changes in the Arctic in the past few years, scientists believe that even if we take drastic action and cut emissions quickly, we're still likely to see sea levels rise by as much as three feet. And if we don't take action, warns NASA's James Hansen, America's most respected climate scientist, sea levels could rise by as much as nine feet by the end of the century. Such a rise would be catastrophic for many of the world's major cities, including New Orleans, London and Shanghai, as well as the 40 million or so people who live in low-lying areas in poor nations like Bangladesh.

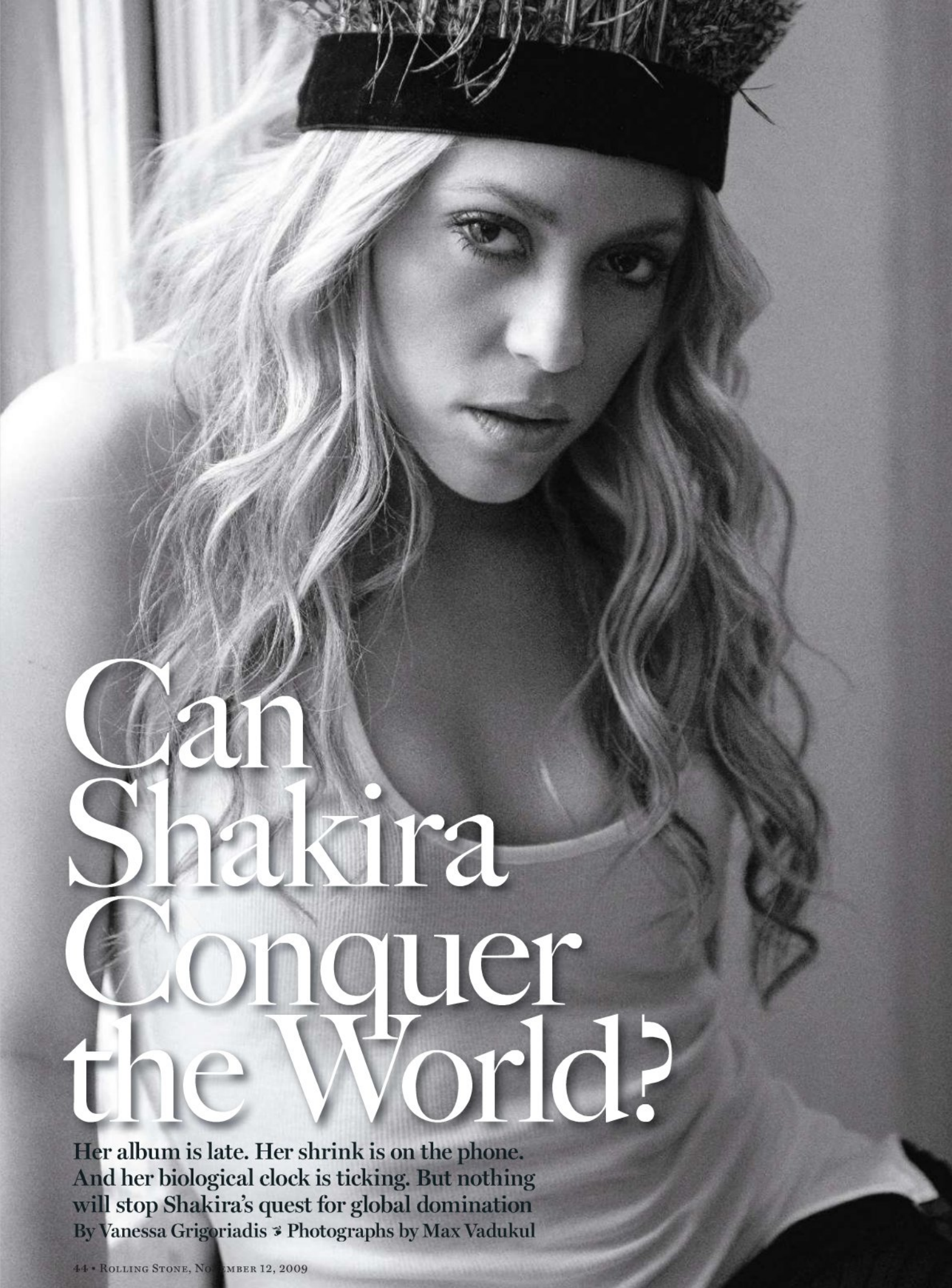
GLOBAL MELTING
Scientists now say sea levels are likely to rise by up to three feet.



already partly responsible for freakish weather events, such as the recent snowstorm in Baghdad. "The Arctic is the global refrigerator for the northern hemisphere," says Mark Serreze, a scientist at the National Snow and Ice Data Center in Colorado. "If you change it, you're likely to see a variety of effects, including drier summers in the southwest United States and wetter winters in the Mediterranean."

Even more alarming, rising temperatures in the Arctic threaten to melt the Greenland ice sheets faster than expected. Only two years ago, a United Nations climate report predicted that the seas would

The big question is, is it too late to avert catastrophe? No one knows. "We do not yet have a clear signal of significant methane release from the permafrost," says Ed Dlugokencky, a methane expert with the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration. "But we know that as the region heats up, it is inevitable." Once the Arctic is gone, it won't be coming back anytime soon – which is why cutting greenhouse-gas pollution now is so important. As Lonnie Thompson, a glacier expert at Ohio State University, has put it, "Mother Nature is the timekeeper – and nobody can see the clock."



Can Shakira Conquer the World?

Her album is late. Her shrink is on the phone. And her biological clock is ticking. But nothing will stop Shakira's quest for global domination
By Vanessa Grigoriadis ✎ Photographs by Max Vadukul



MOST OF THE TIME, WHEN SHAKIRA IS recording music in Nassau near her home in the Bahamas, she wears her PJs all day and hardly ever puts on shoes. But today is supposed to be her last day of work on *She Wolf*, the album she has been creating for a year, so she's decided to celebrate, dressing up in a silver necklace, a long black silk dress with spaghetti straps and club-kid platform shoes that lift her five-foot-two-inch frame up like stilts. "My boyfriend is six feet tall, and sometimes I feel like I'm his keychain, a small little thing," she says, then sighs. "I am so ready for this to be over!" she exclaims. "I just told my manager, 'I'm ready for hair and makeup. Just take me out of here.'" As Shakira makes her way into the studio, though, her mood begins to darken. When she can't find the keys to her car in her Gucci handbag, she searches for them with the intensity of someone who has

lost her passport before an international flight. Once she finds them, she climbs into her pristine Mercedes SUV, turns up Pink Floyd's *Dark Side of the Moon* and zips down a twisting coastal road, making what seems to be a very illegal U-turn, at least by U.S. standards. On one side, the road is overhung with the dense foliage of mango trees, and on the other, there's a vast expanse of glittering Caribbean, which she throws a longing look. "I haven't been in the ocean for so long," she whines.

There's already a whirl of activity at the studio, with Shakira's exhausted management team punching away at their BlackBerries and engineers making changes in the control room ("I have them create all of my 'K's and 'R's on the computer, because I cannot say them with my accent myself," she explains). Compass Point Studios was founded in the late 1970s by Island Records' Chris Blackwell: AC/DC recorded three albums here, including *Back in Black*, and the halls are lined with gold records and portraits of Eighties artists chilling in the Caribbean, some in baby-blue shorts and mirrored sunglasses. "I am such a huge fan of Bob Marley, the Cure and AC/DC, and when I heard about this legendary studio where all of them recorded, I knew I had to be here," says Shakira. "This place is the main reason that I settled in the Bahamas."

As a musician, Shakira is a perfectionist – "I'm an Aquarius, but I've turned into a Virgo over time," she says. She wrote 60 songs for *She Wolf*, whittling them down to 10 in the studio over the past four months. Today, she's supposed to send nine mixes to mastering and finish "Spy," a two-step song with Wyclef Jean, so that it can be mastered tomorrow as well. "That song is like a couples project," she says. "We built

the house together, but men aren't very focused on the details. Now, I'm the wife, staying behind to put the flowers in the vase." Her process as a producer is to listen as much with her body as her ears. In fact, "Hips Don't Lie," her first collaboration with Wyclef and the bestselling single of her career, is a phrase she has used in the studio for a long time: "I would say, 'Hey, do you see my hips moving?'" she says, laughing. "No? This is not working. My hips don't lie."

An assistant hands over a pot of coffee, and Shakira pours herself a cup. "I stopped coffee for six months, because when I drink it, I get cravings," she says. "But now I need to have it three times a day." She's trying to watch her weight, even though she shouldn't. She's gorgeous, with an expressive, heart-shaped face, a thick fringe of eyelashes and a supertoned body without the plastic endowments up top that usually complete the picture. "In Colombia, I'm the only woman who doesn't have those," she says. "Colombian surgeons are the best, along with Brazilians, in South America. It's cheaper there, and the doctors there make them pretty natural, very good."

She steps into the control room. "Are you ready?" she asks Gustavo Celis, a Grammy-winning mix engineer, hoping to listen to his new mix of "Men in This Town," a track about desperate single women prowling for decent guys at places like Los Angeles' Sky Bar. (Note to Shakira: There are not, nor have there ever been, any decent guys at Sky Bar.)

"I need a little longer," Celis says tremulously.

She purses her lips. "Can I hear what you have so far?"

Celis shakes his head. "Well, it's the same as yesterday," he admits.

"Really," says Shakira, stringing out the word. Annoyed, she taps a notepad in front of her. "I don't know if we can get this all



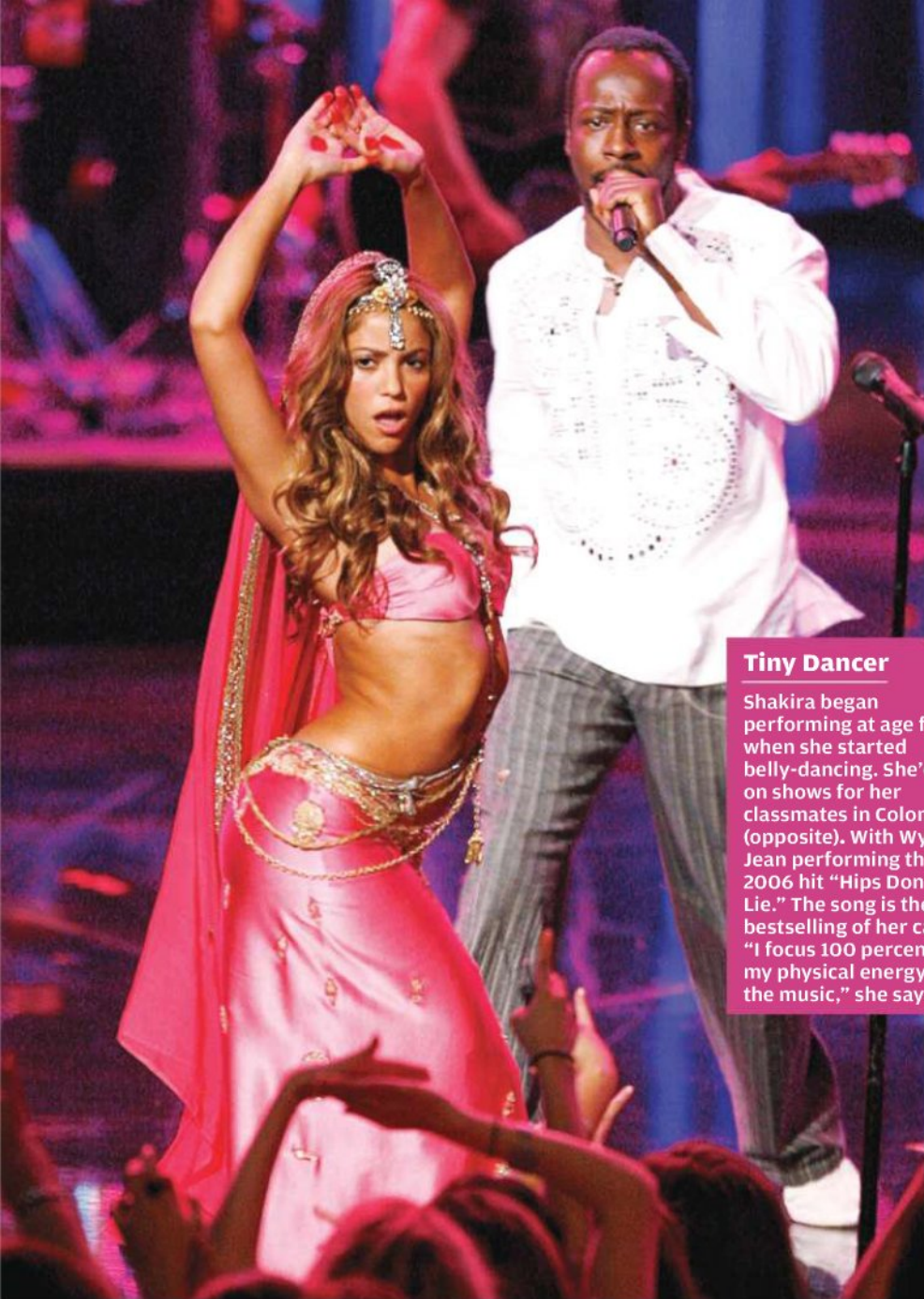
done today," she says. "It may not be the last day of the record after all."

But the album is late – will she get some grief from the label for missing her deadline again? She cocks her head, considering the question. "You mean I might have to beg someone for extra time?" she says. "Beg? Ah, no. No."

NEEDLESS TO SAY, THIS was not the last night of Shakira's record. She's messed with *She Wolf* endlessly, because she cares so much about it succeeding. "I know that this is my moment in America," says Shakira, who is already a global superstar with 50 million records sold and earnings of over \$100 million – even if she isn't quite in Beyoncé territory here. "This is my chance to consolidate a career and my dreams as an artist in the U.S., so that I can continue making music for a long time and traveling the world." This might sound cold and calculated, but for Shakira, this is an emotional moment: After this tour, she wants to start a family. "And that's less an intellectual decision than a physical calling," she says, a glimmer of excitement passing over her face. "My body feels like it is asking to reproduce, to have a huge belly and carry babies. And when the baby comes, I don't want to be in the middle of 100,000 projects."

She Wolf is only Shakira's third album in English, and she didn't even speak the language until the late Nineties – she taught herself, listening to the rhythms of Leonard Cohen and Bob Dylan songs. "It's interesting to me that in my teens, I was a rock chick, listening to Nirvana, Aerosmith and Tom Petty, and there was no Latin influence in my music at that time whatsoever," she says. "When I started singing in English, I went in search of my Latin and Middle Eastern roots, experimenting with fusion and other cultures. Now, I really

Contributing editor VANESSA GRIGORIADIS wrote the Adam Lambert cover story in RS 1081.



Tiny Dancer

Shakira began performing at age four, when she started belly-dancing. She'd put on shows for her classmates in Colombia (opposite). With Wyclef Jean performing their 2006 hit "Hips Don't Lie." The song is the bestselling of her career. "I focus 100 percent of my physical energy on the music," she says.

"Women deal with so many pressures: aesthetics, being mothers, daughters and wives. And on top of it, we must get rid of cellulite."

want to be free to do anything that I want to do sonically. I think dance music today has a lot to offer in that sense." Says Sam Endicott, lead singer of the Bravery and co-writer of "She Wolf," "Shakira is open-minded. I love that she howls in 'She Wolf.' It's so bizarre and cool."

In September, after the "She Wolf" single didn't catch fire on U.S. radio – it rose to Number 11 but never broke the Top 10 – it seems that Shakira and her label went into high gear to get a single that would. A day before the Video Music Awards, on September 12th, Amanda Ghost, the head of Epic and co-author of Shakira's song "Gypsy" – a possible third single from the album – says she got a call from Timbaland to visit him at Trump Palace. He wanted her to hear "Give It Up to Me," a track he had in mind for Shakira, even though the *She Wolf* album was ready to ship. "I hate changing plans," says Ghost, "but the music business is the Wild West right now, so I'm ripping up the rule book and starting again." She played the song for Shakira in the car on the way to the VMAs, and they made a decision to push the release of the album from October 12th to November 23rd. "We said, 'Fuck it all,'" says Ghost.

The drama didn't stop there. For "Give It Up," Shakira filed her parts remotely, writing the lyrics on a car ride during her promotional tour in Germany and taking one of her days off in London to record. At first, it looked like Timbaland would take all the rap parts on the track, but then they hired Flo Rida to cut them instead – and then, says Ghost, "Everyone's breath was taken away when Lil Wayne said he wanted to jump on the record." Even though Lil Wayne and Shakira now share billing on the song, they've met only once, briefly, when they landed at an airport in the Bahamas at the same time. "This is the modern approach to things, with so little time and so much going on," says Shakira, laughing prettily. "I guess I'll see him when we shoot the video."

Shakira is one of the best flirts in the world, and that laugh is part of it, a long stream of rapid-fire giggles that are so cute they could come from a baby unicorn. She has two faces: on one hand, just totally adorable, as much of a coquette as her belly-dancing would imply; on the other, a pushy, difficult diva who doesn't mind throwing the world into chaos as long as she gets her way. This is how it can be with powerful women, and it's not the most enlightened way to be, but Shakira considers herself a die-hard feminist. She surrounds herself with "strong, determined, fighting women" and can rant at length about the injustices faced by her gender. She is excited about the "She Wolf" video, which features porno-contortionist moves inside a giant pink vagina, but she was taken aback

when her mother wasn't thrilled about it. "I was surprised at first and thought about how her fans and Colombians were going to view it," says her mother, Nidia, calling from Colombia. After all, *She Wolf* is largely about the difficulty of women satisfying themselves in a world where men are in charge. "We live in a society that represses women's subconscious dreams," Shakira says, her eyes narrowing. "You know, women have to make enormous efforts through life, much larger than men. We deal with so many pressures: the pressure of aesthetics, and how society wants us to deliver our performances as mothers, daughters and wives. And then, on top of it, we must sweat it out at the gym trying to get rid of cellulite."

That's on the agenda today too: While she's waiting for her engineer to finish the mix, Shakira grabs a black leather bag of gym clothes and heads to the back of a studio, where a petite trainer has set up a gym for her to train two hours a day. Dozens of elastic bands hang from the ceiling, and a step machine is set up in front of a mirror, ready to do its part in her daily diet of a zillion squats. "I do them until my leg is going to fall off," she says. "I never went to the gym before in my life, but at 32 I notice that my body responds negatively to bad food, so I must make double the effort."

DDOUBLE THE EFFORT IS Shakira's way of moving through the world: She conducts business both in the English-speaking world and in the Spanish-speaking one, and she is producing *She Wolf* in two languages at once. Her next album is likely going to be exclusively in Spanish, and she's preparing for a global tour after that. In fact, her boyfriend, Antonio de la Rúa, the son of a former president of Argentina, and an investment banker, recently traveled to Colombia to help research the new Spanish album. "We flew around to different villages, even in the deepest areas of the jungle where they still speak African dialect," says producer John Hill, who accompanied de la Rúa on the expedition. "We recorded 85-year-old songwriters, kids' accordion groups, people singing on the street—just grabbing things to inspire Shakira for the record."

The product of a late marriage by a Colombian woman and a jewelry-store owner of Lebanese descent with seven children from a previous marriage, Shakira seems to have always been driven: She started belly-dancing at four, when she watched a performance in a Middle East-

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Shakira's World

(1) Shakira runs three foundations that build children's schools in Colombia. (2) With boyfriend Antonio de la Rúa. The pair have been together for nine years, but Shakira refuses to get married. (3) With her parents in 2009. (4) At the Video Music Awards in 2002, a year after her U.S. breakthrough with *Laundry Service*.



2 3



ern restaurant. "I liked it so much that I asked my father to get me some Arabic music, and my mother bought me a turquoise custom-made dress to practice in," she says. She began writing songs around eight, then enrolled in modeling school and performed on Colombia's state-fair circuit before she landed a contract with Sony's Latin division at 13 (she ambushed a rep in his hotel lobby to get an audience). Her first two albums didn't do well, though, and she was forced to take a part in a soap opera that won her Best Bottom on TV in a newspaper. She finally hit the charts in 1994 with a rock album, *Pies Descalzos* ("bare feet"). "I kept going to the same school after that," she says. "Except I started signing autographs in class."

These days, Shakira doesn't spend a lot of time in Colombia, even though her parents still live there, but she is deeply invested in helping to figure out the nation's social problems, a product of government corruption and 30 years of guerrilla war. She runs what amounts to another career as an advocate for early-childhood education, speaking at forums around the world and building elementary schools in Colombia through her three foundations. "Shakira is a young woman, but she could be 50 years

old," says Maria Emma Mejia, the head of one of them. "She has exceptional discipline." The schools are run in conjunction with the government, but they provide uniforms, music and dance classes, and even in some cases hire the mothers of children to cook nutritious lunches. "In Latin America, there's a stupid cycle where if you are born poor, you will die poor," Shakira says. "We're trying to change that."

Refusing to maintain the status quo has become very important to Shakira, and that's part of why she's refused to marry her boyfriend, even though they are monogamous and have been together for nine years. "It's funny how the papers want to see you married, and then they want to see you divorced," she says, with a flash of anger. "Well, I won't do any of it." She has also perhaps repudiated her Catholicism, though she will not overtly say so. "I've become very practical, very rational," says Shakira. "If I don't see it, I don't believe it." Tonight, when assistants start telling stories about seeing ghosts at Compass Point Studios, she says, "I was so afraid of ghosts when I was younger. Not anymore! I don't believe in any of that crap." She laughs, and then calls out mock-plaintively: "Ah, sorry! Wherever you are, forgive me!"



To follow her own path, Shakira sees a Freudian psychotherapist, a 70-year-old analyst she meets with often when she is in New York and speaks to on the phone from elsewhere. "I love seeing a map of my subconscious mind and having a space that is only mine, where that mind can speak, and I can listen to it," she says. "It is the captain of our ship, and our destiny." She thinks that she's become a bit stuck at the oral-fixation stage of life. "I've always lived through my mouth, like a person in jail lives through a window," she has said. "It's my biggest source of pleasure: What I say, what I sing, the kisses I give, the chocolate I eat."

Even with talk like this, Shakira is still a good girl, an overachiever. It's hard not to feel sorry for her as she sweats away, reaching for superstardom under the intense time pressure of needing to start a family. After her workout, she starts to slog through a long day in the studio. With her two heavyset assistants, she agonizes over an upcoming promotional schedule in Miami for an hour: The three of them intermittently chat and work Black-Berries like defense attorneys preparing briefs, constantly shaking their heads at the ineptitude of the person at the other end of their messages. Soon, they move to a conference room to consider potential album covers on a laptop. Shakira scrolls through a hundred images, most with imperceptible differences, as the assistants murmur at her shoulder: One is

"too confusing and unintelligible for the mind to capture it"; others are "masculine, much too much." She sighs. "The font should be freer," she says, waving a hand around. "*She Wolf* is all about doing what you want!"

IT'S ALMOST 10 P.M. WHEN SHAKIRA finally gets on a conference call via Skype with Wyclef Jean's engineer in New York to discuss the 15 versions of "Spy" he sent to her earlier in the day. She takes a seat in an Aeron chair, dead center at the console, writing down changes to the trumpet, drums and vocals on a lined white pad. "Wyclef's kind of buried in there right now," she says. "He's my friend. I've got to protect him." She laughs. "You know, these songs were recorded when I was in Paris – wine, cheese, vibing it. You can't re-create that shit." She takes out a nail file and rubs away, shaking her head. "Yesterday, when we had a conference call, I looked so terrible," she says. She throws her bare foot up on the lip of the soundboard and wriggles it around. "That's all I put on the webcam for him to see: just my bare foot."

The phone call goes on for a few hours, before Shakira finally turns to her mixes. "Ah, my cravings from that cup of coffee," she says. "I want chocolate." She settles instead for satisfying her oral fixation with a constant stream of cereal ("130 calories a cup! Too many!") and a miniature popsicle she made from frozen *corozo*, a fruit

that she says is only found in Barranquilla. "I tried to plant *corozo* here, but it didn't work," she says, holding her stomach from hunger. "I am a sugar addict, and late night is bad. This is when I do bad things. No! I mean eat bad things." Then she adds, "A Freudian slip."

The mix goes on, and she stands up in the middle of the room. Her shoes are off – her dress is so long that without them, it turns out, she can't help but step on the hem. "I'm back to my regular height," she says. Then she closes her eyes. "I have to focus 100 percent of my intellectual and physical energy on the music," she says later. The track starts, and for the first time, her face completely shuts down – suddenly, she's transformed into a totem, and even her lips seem to lose their puff, lengthening into a solid line. Then she begins to move, and this time her dance is not seductive, not for a man, not for the cameras. She jerks her arms around, her belly pulsating oddly from the center of her body. It's as though she's possessed.

When her eyes open, they're glassy, almost like she's stoned. She dunks her popsicle stick in her drained porcelain coffee cup and lets out a tremendous giggle. "What the hell," she says. "Let's send this to mastering. It might be because my ears are closing up, but I leave it now with all of you and your consciences! Print it, and I'll hear it on the album." She closes her eyes again, and for the first time she looks as if she's at peace. "I'm feeling it," she says. 22



CLOSE-UP

Lenny Kravitz: Just Like Starting Over

Lenny Kravitz is supposed to be getting back to basics: Dressed way down in jeans and plaid, he's crouched on a tiny dressing-room couch in the kind of club he hasn't played for 20 years. But Kravitz still has way too much stardust on him to make the whole stripped-down thing convincing. Diamonds sparkle from the piercings in his ear and nose; a nearby wardrobe rack is full of leather and fur; and among the overflowing crowds for his five dates at New York's Fillmore at Irving Plaza are Jay-Z and ?uestlove. Not to mention that Kravitz's slick seven-piece band and its massive amplifiers barely fit on the stage. "We'll be back playing the Garden and so forth a year from now," Kravitz says, preserving his voice with a near-whisper. "But right now, this is a good way to get reacquainted." The club dates kick off a tour meant to get the juices flowing for an in-progress new album, *Negrophilia*, and to celebrate the 20th-

anniversary reissue of *Let Love Rule*, his 1989 debut. Back then, Kravitz was an anomaly. "I've never fit in," he says with a smile. "I was supposed to be an angry black man. I remember when I first started doing interviews, the big question was 'Why aren't you doing hip-hop?'" Though he names Jack White and Justice as current faves, he still feels out of place in current pop: "The Grammy should go to the computer and not the artist," he says, "because it's all about the computer." But he's convinced he can make it back to the charts on his own terms. "I feel like it's just getting hot again, like I haven't done anything yet," he says. So he's taking his time on loose new songs, ranging from the Beatlesque ballad "Dream" to the funky, gospel-tinged "Holy Ghost Injection." "I want to be as out-there as I want to be," says Kravitz. "If I don't grow as an artist, then I'll have to stop. I'll just go and be a beach bum in the Bahamas and catch fish." BRIAN HIATT

PHOTOGRAPH BY MARK SELIGER



LOCATION COURTESY OF THE FILLMORE AT IRVING PLAZA, NEW YORK. GUITAR COURTESY OF GIBSON. PRODUCED BY RUTH LEVY

GET BACK
Kravitz at the New York Fillmore at Irving Plaza on October 19th. "It's good to break it down and do these raw gigs," he says.



UNDER FIRE
Charlie Company
in Iraq in 2006.
The unit saw some
of the war's
bloodiest combat.

THE FORT CARSON MURDER SPREE

Soldiers returning from Iraq have been charged in at least 11 murders at America's third-largest Army base. Did the military's own negligence contribute to the slayings?

By L. Christopher Smith

IT WAS JUST AFTER CLOSING time on Saturday night when the four soldiers staggered out of the Rum Bay nightclub ("Southern Colorado's largest supply of rum!"), piled into a gray Audi A4 and lit a blunt. Since they had returned from fighting in Iraq, where they had seen some of the bloodiest action of the war, nights like this had become common. There are more than 50 bars in downtown Colorado Springs, and on some nights thousands of people, many of them troops from nearby Fort Carson, pour out onto the streets after last call, looking for trouble. Rum Bay was one of the worst dives in town: Infamous for brawls involving drunken soldiers, locals called it "Fight Club."



THE RAMPAGE
From top: Louis Bressler, Bruce Bastien and Kenny Eastridge served together in Iraq – and brought the war home with them.

That night, the bar offered a special dispensed by shooter girls in denim cutoffs, who carried trays filled with test tubes of vodka mixed with apple schnapps. "We drank an ungodly amount," one of the men, Kenneth Eastridge, later recalled. "Like, hundreds of shots." ✦ Eastridge and the others were members of the same Army unit, and they had all served together in Baghdad during the most volatile phase of the war. A 24-year-old specialist known as a "crazy bastard with no remorse," Eastridge had been court-martialed for stockpiling 463 pills of Valium in his barracks. Two of his buddies from Charlie Company carried equally sketchy reputations: Bruce Bastien, a 21-year-old medic

who had been arrested for beating his wife while on leave, and Louis Bressler, a 24-year-old private who “started acting like King Kong,” in the words of a fellow soldier, after being diagnosed with post-traumatic stress disorder. Tucked beneath the driver’s seat of the Audi was a .38 revolver registered to Bressler’s wife.

The fourth soldier, a quiet specialist named Kevin Shields, wasn’t really friends with the other men. A computer geek and *EverQuest* enthusiast, Shields had been shipped home after suffering multiple concussions in Iraq. He didn’t go out much, tending to stay in with his wife, Svetlana, and their three-year-old son, but tonight was his 24th birthday. At a downtown bar, Shields ran into the three soldiers from Charlie Company and quickly ingratiated himself by buying everyone rounds of drinks.

Now, as Bastien steered his car through the middle-class neighborhood of West-

was shot “execution style” – twice in the head – from a distance of less than two feet. One bullet lodged in the base of his skull and severed his brain stem. At five that morning, a newspaper deliveryman discovered Shields’ body sprawled across a sidewalk, blood pooling next to a white picket fence decorated with red ribbon for the Christmas holidays.

Five nights later, on December 5th, 2007, Bressler was surrounded by a SWAT team as he pulled his red Suzuki Forenza into a gas station. “It was like I was in Iraq,” he recalls. “I look up and there are all these guys pointing machine guns at me.” Bressler was charged with first-degree murder in the killing of Shields, as were Bastien and Eastridge. At first, investigators assumed the case was closed – until one of them, pursuing a hunch, learned that the three soldiers were responsible for a string of violent crimes that year in the area surrounding Fort Carson.

ing his wife. Since then, at least five more GIs at Fort Carson have been arrested in connection with murders, attempted murders or manslaughter. All told, the military acknowledged this summer, 14 soldiers from the base have been charged or convicted in at least 11 slayings since 2005 – the largest killing spree involving soldiers at a single U.S. military installation in modern history.

Spurred by public outrage, the Army conducted a six-month study into the Fort Carson killings, examining the medical and combat histories of the 14 accused soldiers. Like Bressler, nine of the vets served in the 4th Brigade Combat Team, which suffered a casualty rate in Iraq eight times higher than other Fort Carson units. The Army’s 126-page report, released in July, marked the first time the military has ever acknowledged the significance of combat in the behavior of returning veterans. There is, according to the report, a “possi-



side, just beyond the foothills of the Rocky Mountains, Bressler began to throw up. “Fucking great,” Bastien said. “All over my car.” Pulling over, he let Bressler out near a park on Cucharras Street. The sight of Bressler puking was hilarious to the other men: “Look at him! What a pussy!” But Bressler wasn’t laughing. It was one thing for Bastien and Eastridge to hassle him. “We were his close friends,” Bastien said later. “I guess you could say he was offended at being made fun of by Shields.” Bressler walked up to Shields, who was smoking a cigarette near the curb, and swung at his head. Shields nimbly evaded the blow – then, according to Eastridge, he “kicked Bressler’s ass.”

Though much confusion remains about what happened over the next 30 minutes, this much is certain: In front of an old Victorian house on South 16th Street, Shields

On July 28th, Bastien and Bressler had fired three shots at a man walking to get gas for his truck, hitting him once in the shoulder. A week later, on August 4th, they executed Robert James, a fellow private from Fort Carson, as he begged for his life in a parking lot. On October 27th, Bressler ran over a 19-year-old nursing student in his Suzuki; Bastien then stabbed her six times with a combat knife. A drive-by shooting in which no one was hurt rounded out the charges. “Those are just the attacks we know about,” says Derek Graham, a homicide detective who served as a lead investigator on the case. “My gut feeling is that they were involved in more.”

In the six years since combat operations began in Iraq, Fort Carson – the country’s third-largest Army base, with 22,000 active soldiers on duty – has become its own kind of killing field. Before Kevin Shields was gunned down, at least three other Iraq War veterans from the base had been arrested for murder, and a fourth had committed suicide after kill-

ble association between increasing levels of combat exposure and risk for negative behavioral outcomes.” But in classic bureaucratic language, the study fell short of calling for any real specific action beyond a need for more studies.

“We don’t have enough data yet to determine any cause-and-effect relationships,” Maj. Gen. Mark Graham told me before stepping down as commander of Fort Carson in August. “And even if you could identify high-risk soldiers, what are you going to do? Lock them up? What you have to do is watch their behavior.”

In fact, that’s exactly what Fort Carson failed to do. The story of how a once-promising infantryman like Louis Bressler wound up in prison for taking part in two murders reveals as much about the Army’s negligence as it does about Bressler’s mental decline. Despite the heavy fighting seen by their troops, the base’s commanders were completely unprepared to treat and monitor soldiers suffering from severe combat trauma. A third of all staff posi-

L. CHRISTOPHER SMITH is a freelance writer living in Brooklyn. He spent a year reporting on Fort Carson.

tions in the behavioral-health unit at the post's medical center, Evans Army Community Hospital, were left unfilled in 2007, at a time when the base was experiencing an all-time high in PTSD cases. Soldiers suffering from serious delusions were often sent off with a handful of pills and never returned for additional treatment. In one case, a mentally disturbed vet who imagined himself to be an "alien dinosaur-like creature" allegedly raped and killed a teenager after reportedly being declared fit for duty by a Fort Carson psychiatrist.

"It's no surprise that these murders happened at Fort Carson, as opposed to another Army base," says Paul Rieckhoff, an Iraq War veteran and executive director of Iraq and Afghanistan Veterans of America. "The failures of leadership we've seen there border on dereliction of duty."

WHEN BRESSLER ENLISTED IN the Army in February 2003, right before the start of the Iraq War, he was looking for a way to make something of himself. Growing up in Charlotte, North Carolina, he had enjoyed a

In August 2004, Bressler's unit was deployed to Iraq, where he ran missions along Route Michigan, a 4.5-mile stretch of highway west of Baghdad that soldiers called the "Corridor to Hell." Despite the ambushes and the constant threat of roadside bombs, Bressler loved being an infantryman. He thrived on the order and precision of the military, and proved himself to be a top marksman. "We had great hopes for Louis," Lt. Nate Stone, Bressler's platoon leader, later reported. "He had a future in the Army."

Like his father, Bressler didn't talk about the horrors of combat. "I did my job," he told his brother after one ambush, explaining how he was ordered by his sergeant to "take out anything that moves." Soldiers in Charlie Company saw it all: exploding trucks, severed limbs, men burned alive, their skin bubbling and sliding off their bones. One day, a 19-year-old company medic blew his brains out with his sidearm in the Porta-John; another day the unit's beloved staff sergeant was killed by a car bomb. For Bressler, though, the worst moment came

That winter, while partying at the Rum Bay club, Bressler met a 22-year-old nursing student named Tira Brown. "I was a bitch to him, but he kept hanging around," says Tira, who grew up in a hardscrabble town in West Texas. "He would cook me dinner and rub my feet." They both loved guns, and often went on dates at a local shooting range. Tira even liked his friends, guys like Matt Baylis, an affable young private from Long Island whom Bressler had taken under his wing. "Louis was the type of boyfriend I always wanted," Tira says. The pair eloped – but not before Bressler asked for her parents' permission.

Though Bressler tried to shrug off the combat he saw in Iraq, he began to exhibit disturbing behavior that only worsened as his second deployment drew near. "He didn't want to go back," says Tira. One night, she awoke to find Bressler on the floor, shaking; he told her he'd been "fighting off a demon." The day his unit left for Iraq – a year after returning from their first tour – he told Tira not to bother seeing him off. "He said he didn't want me to miss my class," she says.

"It's no surprise that these murders happened at Fort Carson," says a top veterans advocate. "The failures there border on dereliction of duty."

testosterone-fueled childhood, racing dirt bikes, snowboarding, surfing – "anything to get our adrenaline going," recalls his younger brother, Drew. Both boys idolized their father, a car salesman who had been a Marine in Vietnam. "Our dad was the biggest, baddest dude," says Drew. "We wanted to be just like him." Determined that his sons learn how to survive in the wilderness, Louis Sr. taught them to light fires, eat bugs and skin a snake. Believing that fighting builds character, he also encouraged them to settle their disputes with their fists. "They had some epic bouts," recalls Bressler's half brother, Ed. "They would be hitting each other in the face like perfect strangers."

Never a diligent student, Bressler was the laid-back goofball in the family, the kid who once put lizards on his ears as earrings – until the lizards bit him. He dropped out of high school and tried his hand selling cars – but quit after six months and eventually joined the Army. "All he really wanted was to please our father," says Ed. "He thought if he couldn't please him by working as a car dealer, he would please him by being in the military."

In January 2005, when his father died of skin cancer. He had been granted an emergency leave to visit his dad in North Carolina a month earlier, but now, unable to return home for the funeral, Bressler was so distraught he considered going AWOL. Instead, he tattooed his father's name on his back, one soldier's memorial to another.

That August, when Bressler returned home from his first tour, he seemed changed for the better. "He was a lot calmer, a lot more disciplined," Drew recalls. "He knew every detail about every Army regulation, every position, every weapon. Being a soldier just clicked with him." While many of his fellow soldiers had difficulty adjusting to life back home, Bressler seemed to take things in stride. "Everybody was drinking, getting into fights in bars," says David Nash, a private who served with Bressler in Iraq. "People were at the boiling point." Bressler would step in and play the mediator. "Calm down," he told his friends as they started training for a second tour of duty after only a month back home. "We'll all go back to Iraq, and we'll shine again."

IF BRESSLER'S FIRST TOUR OF DUTY in Iraq made him a soldier, the second turned him into a casualty. This time around his unit was deployed to Dora, a ghost town of mud and trash and weeds in southwest Baghdad. Once a prosperous neighborhood that had been home to Sunni, Shiite and Christian families, it had been destroyed by the civil war that erupted in the spring of 2006. That summer, insurgent activity in the area had become so intense – 425 Iraqis were killed in Dora during a single week in July – that soldiers say the Army brigade in charge of the neighborhood quit running patrols through most of it.

Bressler arrived in October 2006, a few months before the start of the surge. "By the end of that first week, everyone realized it was going to be a lot tougher than our first tour," he says. Instead of hiding makeshift bombs under mounds of dirt, where they could be easily detected, Iraqi insurgents were now burying them deep beneath the roads. A sergeant in Bressler's unit was killed and nearly decapitated by an IED fashioned out of a 155mm artillery shell and 100 pounds of explosives. In June

2007, a Charlie Company patrol was hit by an IED so powerful that it killed five soldiers and wounded seven. It was the single deadliest attack of the war for soldiers from Fort Carson.

By that point, with its yearlong tour extended by another three months, Charlie Company was starting to fall apart. Two platoons – about 60 men – were running through hundreds of Army-issued sleeping pills every week, according to company medics. Bressler would call his wife, freaking out. “He was jittery all the time,” Tira recalls. “I tried to calm him down, but a few hours later, he would call back in a total panic.” Even so, that spring Bressler signed up for another four years in the military. However fucked up it was, he considered the Army home.

Then, on May 30th, Bressler’s platoon was ordered to raid an insurgent hide-out in Iskan, a Sunni neighborhood that served as a transit hub for Al Qaeda. “The place was terrifying,” says Sgt. Frank Stepleton. “As soon as you went in there they would hit you with RPGs, grenades, IEDs. There were snipers everywhere.” Around 11 that

empty green tent in the middle of the desert. Each time, even though he knows what’s coming next, Bressler walks into the tent and tells Baylis that he’s dead. And each time, Baylis asks him why. “I don’t know why,” Bressler says. “I don’t know what to tell him.”

At the advice of one of his sergeants, Bressler saw a doctor with the unit’s combat-stress team. Once there, he found himself talking for the first time about his father’s death. He was soon diagnosed with post-traumatic stress disorder – and sent on his way with a pocketful of antidepressants and a sleeping medication called Remeron. “I took half of one of those sleeping pills,” he recalls. “It knocked me out for a day and a half.”

Over 20 months of combat, Bressler had always prided himself on keeping a strong mental attitude. “You hear a lot of people talking about how sometimes it sucks, being out in the field for two weeks at a time,” he says. “But I loved the work – I never got bored with it.” He tried to hide his symptoms – the mounting panic, the recurring nightmare – but other soldiers

where Tira picked him up at the airport. They went to a restaurant, but Bressler was so twitchy that he couldn’t sit through dinner. For the next few weeks he holed up in their one-bedroom apartment, unable to do much more than sleep and eat. Tira would return from work and find him sitting on the couch, staring into space. In an attempt to get him out of the house one afternoon, she took Louis to Walmart, but the crowds sent him into a panic, and he rushed out of the store.

BY THE TIME BRESSLER WAS ORDERED to report to the hospital at Fort Carson in June, mental-health casualties had begun pouring into the base from the war. That year, the behavioral-health unit at Evans diagnosed 750 soldiers with PTSD, up from just 26 in 2002, and each month the department’s fourth-floor reception area was packed with some 1,200 patients. Wounded veterans often waited three hours for a 20-minute visit with doctors, who invariably prescribed the antidepressant Zoloft. Soldiers called it “cookie-cutter treatment.”

Like his father, Bressler didn’t talk about the horror of combat. One night, his wife found him on the floor: He said he’d been “fighting off a demon.”

night, Bressler’s squad took up positions on a hill above the neighborhood while other soldiers began filing into a courtyard on the street below. Suddenly, two men toward the rear of the unit were hit with rounds from a high-powered SK machine gun. One of them was Bressler’s close friend Matt Baylis, who lay on the ground, severely wounded in the neck and chest.

In the chaos that followed, company medics fought their way to Baylis, and, with Bressler’s help, loaded him into the back of a Humvee. Taking the wheel, Bressler raced to the Combat Support Hospital in the Green Zone. “Hold on,” Bressler kept telling his friend. “You’re gonna make it.”

Baylis died at the hospital the next morning. Bressler was devastated – and angry. Back at FOB Falcon, the brigade’s sprawling base on the outskirts of Dora, he couldn’t believe that his superiors had sent them right into an ambush. “I wish I had been in his place,” Bressler thought. “He didn’t deserve to die for something that stupid.” As Baylis’ death sunk in, Bressler was increasingly plagued by dark thoughts. He kept having the same nightmare, night after night: Baylis standing alone in an

began to notice. “It looked like he had tears welling up in his eyes all the time,” says Ryan Krebbs, a company medic. “He seemed really distant. Like he was just gone.” One night, as Bressler was getting drunk with Krebbs and Eastridge on base, another soldier challenged him to a fight. “Louis got his face smashed in bad,” Krebbs recalls. “He lost a fair fight, but afterward he was steaming. He wanted to find the guy and fuck him up.”

One afternoon a few days later, as he was returning from patrol, Bressler felt even more disoriented than usual. He couldn’t concentrate on basic tasks; he couldn’t remember what he had just done. He approached his sergeant and told him that something was seriously wrong.

“Get your head out of your ass,” the sergeant said.

“I went crazy,” Bressler told a fellow soldier. Screaming and yelling, he threw a punch at the sergeant before several soldiers rushed in and tackled him. He was zip-cuffed, confined to the medical clinic on base for several days, then medevaced to an Army hospital in Germany. In June 2007, he was sent home to Fort Carson,

The unit was operating with just two-thirds of its required staff, leaving its handful of psychiatrists and social workers to deal with a full-blown crisis. “We were seeing guys who were so angry that they had cut their dog’s throat out because he was barking at two in the morning,” says Justin Cole, the hospital’s former chief of social work. “But we didn’t have enough staff to treat them.” On more than one occasion, doctors sent a patient in need of serious treatment off with Zoloft on a Friday, only to receive a call from the morgue on Monday: The soldier had committed suicide.

Despite his condition, Bressler hoped to rejoin his unit in Iraq. But only three days after he arrived at Fort Carson, during his first psychiatric visit, the doctor informed him that he was being processed out of the Army. “There was no choice,” Bressler recalls. “He said, ‘You’re going to be medically discharged whether you agree with me or not.’” The decision had little to do with Bressler’s condition and more to do with a new base policy: In a memo written shortly before Bressler returned to Fort Carson, Dr. Stephen Knorr, the then-chief of mental health at Evans, had instructed the staff

to discharge vets suffering from mental injuries as quickly as possible. Troubled soldiers bring down platoons, Knorr believed, and units should not be left short of manpower while waiting for seriously ill soldiers to receive treatment. As Knorr put it in the memo, "Get rid of dead wood."

Over the next few weeks, as Bressler was prescribed an assortment of medications that did little but knock him out, he remained racked with guilt over Baylis' death. But he refused to talk about the war with his psychiatrist, an Army officer who had never seen combat. "I tried to once, but it was like I was speaking in a foreign language," Bressler recalls. "He didn't understand what the hell I was saying."

During the five months it took for the paperwork to go through on his medical dis-

NOT LONG AFTER HE RETURNED to Fort Carson, Bressler ran into Bruce Bastien. The two knew each other from Dora, where they had engaged in epic *Halo* battles at FOB Falcon. A scrawny kid, Bastien claimed to be from the South Bronx and bragged about getting "jumped" into the notorious Latin Kings street gang. He threw hand signs, called his platoon mates "dawg" and liked to quote gangsta rap. But it was all an act. Bastien grew up in Fairfield, Connecticut, a wealthy suburb north of New York. His father, a computer expert at a small liberal-arts college, shipped him elaborate care packages in Iraq, including a set of 1,000-thread-count Egyptian cotton sheets that Bastien lovingly wrapped around the ratty foam chunks that soldiers picked up off the street

That spring, Bastien hatched a plan to get shipped home early: He would get injured in a way that would make it impossible for him to work as a medic. On a late-night patrol, he snuck off into a field with Eastridge, who was known as the best shot in all of Charlie Company. Eastridge steadied a .380-caliber pistol he'd stolen from a dead Iraqi, fired at Bastien's arm – and missed. "The bullet went through his uniform just above his bicep," says Forsythe. "If he had gotten hit, he could have been killed, or lost the use of his arm completely. Bastien came back to the barracks laughing about it." In May 2007, Bastien flew home to Fort Carson for a scheduled two-week leave, and promptly got himself arrested for beating up his wife. Though the charge was later dropped, it kept him from returning to battle. "We knew he wasn't coming back to Iraq," Cardenaz says.

Other than a love for *Halo*, Bressler and Bastien had little in common. "They didn't even like each other in Iraq," says Eastridge, who recalls the two men getting into a fight in their barracks. But now, unable to rejoin his buddies, Bressler was desperate to hang out with anyone he could connect with over Iraq. "I'd get lonely while Tira was at work," he says. "I felt like I knew the guy. I was like, 'Hey, wanna get a drink?'"

Within a week, the soldiers would forge a bond that ran deeper than video games: getting wasted. Though Bressler had been only an occasional drinker and smoker before his second tour, he was now downing almost a fifth of Jack Daniel's a day, and burning through \$20 bags of weed with Bastien at almost the same clip. "He would call me at work to say he was staying out all night with Bastien," says Tira. "Then he would come home so drunk, he just passed out."

Tira hated Bastien on sight. "He was really cold and secretive," she says. "He was always whispering something in Louis' ear." She told Bressler to stay away from him. "If ever there was a moment she was right, that was it," Bressler says now. "Everybody knew he was a bad guy, but somehow I didn't."

Bressler, twitchy and unable to sleep more than two hours a night, began carrying Tira's .38 revolver with him whenever he left the house. He stopped going to his weekly required appointments with his psychiatrist – but, according to Bressler, no one from the base bothered to follow up with him. "As soon as he stopped showing up at Evans, someone should have been knocking on that guy's door and escorting him to the hospital," says Cole, the former chief of social work. "That's what commanders get taught to do." (Officials at Fort Carson, citing patient confidentiality, declined to discuss Bressler's medical care.)

A month after Bressler returned from Iraq, he phoned his friend David Nash, who had left the Army before the unit's second tour and was living in Texas. Nash



A MILITARY FAMILY

As boys, Bressler and his younger brother Drew (1) idolized their Marine father (2), who taught them to eat bugs and skin snakes. After dropping out of school, Bressler enlisted, marrying Tira Brown (3) while stationed at Fort Carson.

charge, Bressler rarely visited the battalion he was assigned to at Fort Carson. One minute he had been in Iraq, surrounded by men he considered brothers; the next he was back at home, drugged up and with nothing to do. "The military shapes kids in ways they wouldn't otherwise have been shaped," says Stephen Xenakis, a retired brigadier general and clinical psychiatrist who serves as medical adviser to the Joint Chiefs of Staff. "All of a sudden that experience, that support group, that entire identity is ripped out of them. How are they going to handle that?" At the moment Bressler needed the order and stability of the military the most, he suddenly found himself an outcast. "I felt worthless," he says. "I wasn't allowed to do anything, and all those guys were in Dora without me."

and used as mattresses. "It was obvious he was a poseur," says Robert Forsythe, Bastien's roommate.

Trained as an Army medic, Bastien expected he would wind up "chilling in a hospital somewhere." Instead, he was assigned to Charlie Company and shipped to Dora, where he had a tough time adjusting to the rigors of combat. On patrol, he complained that his medic's bag was too heavy; sometimes he simply forgot to bring it along. Once, he patched up a sergeant while sitting on his wounded leg. Even though medics tend to command respect in the military, Bastien's fellow soldiers didn't think much of him. "I wouldn't trust Bastien to put a Band-Aid on someone," says Sgt. Michael Cardenaz, who served in Charlie Company.

asked why Bressler was home early: "He told me he went crazy. I thought he was kidding." But the more Bressler talked, the more Nash recognized the change. Bressler, the guy who once played the mediator, calming his fellow soldiers, was now acting like some kind of badass. "He was hella volatile," says Nash. "He seemed like a blasting cap. He said to me, 'Hey, man, come up here. We'll go knock some motherfuckers out.'"

FOR THE PAST SEVERAL YEARS, David Foy, a psychology professor at Pepperdine University, has been engaged in a study on the "spiritual consequence" of participating in war. Until now, surprisingly, very few researchers have examined how war affects a soldier's sense of morality or tried to quantify it. What Foy and his colleagues have found is that specific kinds of wartime experi-

trusive memories get them all wound up, and this can be self-sustaining," says Dr. Jonathan Shay, one of the nation's foremost experts on post-traumatic stress. "As a result, you see these kids become moral morons. A lot of the bad behavior – the violence, the anger – is due to the shutting down of the frontal lobe. Add alcohol, and they become functionally sociopathic."

On the last Friday of July 2007, Bressler and Bastien spent the night as they often did, getting stoned and drunk at Bastien's apartment. Then, around 3 a.m., Bastien's wife came home, clearly shaken up. She told them a group of men had chased her home. "I wanted to beat them up," Bastien says. "I turned to Louis and said, 'Come on, let's go find them.'" He and Bressler set out in Bastien's Audi. Near the entrance to the apartment complex, they pulled up next to the first guy they saw, Matthew

turbid and Slaves on Dope while Bressler lit up a joint. Then Bressler pulled out his wife's .38 and began waving it in James' face.

"How much money you got?" Bressler demanded.

"I don't want any problems. Here," James said, throwing \$20 over the front seat. "Take my money."

Spotting a bank, Bastien pulled into the parking lot, where the friends apparently planned to make James withdraw more money from the ATM. "Just leave me here," James pleaded. "I won't say anything."

"Fuck that," Bressler said, forcing James out of the back seat. According to police, Bressler then shot James point-blank in the neck. After James fell, Bressler stood over the body and emptied three more bullets into his face and neck.

The next morning, not long after detectives arrived at the scene of the murder, po-



CASUALTIES OF WAR

Kevin Shields (above) was celebrating his 24th birthday when he was killed by Bressler, Bastien and Eastridge. Erica Ham, robbed and left for dead by the three soldiers, is embraced by Shields' mother (right) after their sentencing.



ences – notably the unintentional killing of civilians and the failure to save others from being killed – can cause "moral injury" to a soldier, as well as psychological trauma. The complex manifestations of PTSD – jumpiness, rage, sadness – are compounded by what Foy calls "changes in one's ability to perceive themselves as capable of acting in a morally appropriate way." Men who return from combat, he says, often see themselves as "damaged goods."

By the time Bressler returned home, he had lost the moral guideposts that defined his identity as a soldier. His rage became obsessive, only intensified by drugs, alcohol and little, if any, sleep. One of the defining elements of the wars in Iraq and Afghanistan is wide-scale sleep deprivation, which can last for months after soldiers return home – particularly for those who suffer from PTSD. "Nightmares or in-

Orrenmaa, a fellow soldier who was on his way to get gas for his truck.

"Hey, man," Bressler shouted at him. Pulling a .45-caliber semiautomatic out of Bastien's glove compartment, he pointed at Orrenmaa and fired. As Bastien slammed his foot on the gas, Bressler, according to police, squeezed off two more rounds, wounding Orrenmaa in the shoulder.

The following Saturday, after another night of drinking and smoking weed, the two friends left Bastien's apartment at one in the morning to buy a pack of cigarettes. At a stoplight, they came across a drunken young soldier named Robert James, who explained that he had gotten lost trying to get back to Fort Carson. Bressler and Bastien offered to give him a ride.

Before long, they were driving through Broadmoor, an upscale neighborhood of Colorado Springs. As they rolled along the winding streets, Bastien blasted Dis-

lice showed up at Bastien's apartment a few miles away, responding to a domestic-disturbance call. After the shooting, Bastien had come home in a rage and thrown his wife into a wall. When Bastien made bail that afternoon, he and Bressler bought pot with the money stolen from James, then spent the rest of the day at Bastien's place playing *Call of Duty*.

ON AUGUST 6TH, TWO DAYS AFTER the James murder, Bressler took Tira out to celebrate their first wedding anniversary. He drank heavily through dinner, then insisted they go to PT's Showclub, a high-end strip joint near their apartment. By the time they got into the car to go home, Bressler was too drunk to drive. When Tira tried to take the keys, he snapped. "He grabbed my hair and slammed my head against the car door," she says. "I was terrified. At our apartment

I went straight to the bathroom and locked the door behind me. But Louis broke in."

In his hand, Tira says, was the .38. "He put the gun to my temple and said that if I didn't kill him right then, he was going to kill me. He kept shoving the gun toward me, saying, 'Here, do it.'" Tira grabbed the revolver out of his hand and emptied the chamber. Then she pushed Bressler out of the bathroom and locked the door again.

Tira was asleep on the couch when, a few hours later, she woke to the sound of her husband vomiting and coughing up blood all over the living room. He had downed nearly 100 pills of Depakote and Remeron – medications to treat his depression and insomnia – and chased them with a fifth of Jack Daniel's. Rushed to the hospital, he fell into an unconscious state that would last a week. While Bressler lay in a coma, his brother Drew flew in from North Carolina to keep vigil at his bedside. But almost no one from Charlie Company stopped by, even after Bressler recovered. For the most part, his superiors no longer considered him a soldier. "I knew he was in the hospital," says Tim Stricklin, the sergeant who

at the base never inquired about his hospital stay. When Bressler paid a surprise visit to Evans, his psychiatrist readily prescribed refills for Depakote and Remeron – the drugs he had run out of because of the overdose.

Not long after Bressler left the psychiatric ward, he and Drew went trout fishing just below Pikes Peak. As they cast Jitterbugs into the clear, calm water, Drew asked his brother if he really wanted to kill himself. "Louis told me he wasn't a pill popper," Drew recalls. "He was still recovering, but he was a good 90 percent. When I went back to North Carolina, I absolutely thought he would be OK." But at the airport a few days later, as Louis saw Drew off, he was terrified. "There goes my best friend," he thought. "What do I do now?"

OVER THE NEXT FEW MONTHS, Bressler descended even further into drinking and drugs – and his criminal schemes grew even bolder. "Here's what we do," he told his friend David Nash, describing how they could knock over a bank in Colorado Springs.

game and pleaded guilty to reckless homicide. His juvenile record should have disqualified him from service, but the Army – hard-pressed for new recruits to fight in Iraq – issued him a waiver in 2003. According to Cardenaz, Eastridge went on to become one of Charlie Company's top combat soldiers. "I could trust Kenny to lead a squad through a house full of insurgents," he says.

In Dora, however, Eastridge confessed that he was "losing it," becoming consumed with homicidal rage. "He went on missions with one objective," Forsythe recalls. "To find someone to kill." Not long before he was sent home, Eastridge was sitting in the gunner's turret of a Humvee, manning an M240 machine gun, which shoots 600 rounds per minute. He had been ordered to guard a street while the rest of the squad searched a building. Looking out at Iraqi families playing soccer and barbecuing, Eastridge says, he began shooting indiscriminately. He estimates that he fired some 1,700 rounds and claims to have killed maybe a dozen people. The Army later investigated charges that Eastridge

Bressler told a friend how they could knock over a bank: "We do it tactical, like when we searched a house in Iraq. We hit the tellers, and then we're out."

had recommended that Bressler see a psychiatrist in Dora. "But after what he pulled in Iraq, I had no desire to talk to him."

Once his condition stabilized, Bressler was transferred to a locked psychiatric ward at Cedar Springs, a private hospital in Colorado Springs. By that point, Fort Carson was shipping its most troubled vets to private facilities at a rate 700 times greater than the average for Army hospitals. "We would send guys to places like Cedar Springs because we couldn't take care of them ourselves," says Cole. "And then we often wouldn't see any records regarding their treatment. They would just disappear."

At Cedar Springs, according to a nurse's summary, Bressler was "demanding, uncooperative and unpleasant." The hospital released him after just three days, when Bastien walked up to the nurse's station and brazenly claimed to be Bressler's sergeant. "He said he was taking Louis to the hospital at Fort Carson," says Tira. "The nurse gave him an attitude, but she eventually let Louis go with him." Bressler's commanders at Fort Carson apparently failed to investigate his release – and Bressler says doctors

"We do it tactical, like when we searched a house in Iraq. Bust in the door. Two guys stay in the line of the door, two guys go to the right, at a 90-degree angle. So we have the entire room covered. We hit the tellers, and then we're out. It would take no more than two and a half minutes."

Nash laughed off the suggestion. "I figured he was drunk or high," he says. "Never for a minute did I think he was serious." Actually, Bressler had already started sketching out robberies with Bastien and Kenneth Eastridge, who had returned to Colorado Springs in September, a few weeks after Bressler had been released from the mental hospital. A hard soldier from a hard neighborhood in Louisville, Kentucky, Eastridge had slit stoner eyes and a pair of Nazi-style S.S. thunderbolts tattooed on his arm. Women seemed to love the guy, and Bastien wanted to be just like him. "You could tell that he really looked up to him," says Forsythe, Bastien's roommate. "He would pretend to be a badass whenever Eastridge was around."

At the age of 12, Eastridge had shot and killed his best friend while playing a video

had killed Iraqi civilians, but concluded that the allegations had no merit.

Eastridge wound up being court-martialed for far more benign infractions. He was found having sex in his barracks with his girlfriend, and a subsequent search turned up 463 pills of Valium. Around the same time, he lashed out at a sergeant, threatening to kill him and drink his blood. Eastridge was diagnosed with PTSD and sent home.

Eastridge was enthusiastic about Bressler and Bastien's plans regarding a series of robberies. Early on the morning of October 27th, the three men were heading to a pot dealer's house on the north side of Colorado Springs when they saw a young woman walking near an intersection. "Let's rob that bitch," Bastien said.

Bressler swerved and hit the woman with the front end of the Suzuki, and Bastien jumped out, punching the woman in the face before stabbing her with a combat knife. The three friends then took off with the backpack she'd been carrying. When it turned out to contain no money, they burned it in the fireplace at Bressler's apartment. The victim, [Cont. on 86]

Rivers Cuomo Grows Up

(But Don't Worry,
He's Still Kinda Weird)

How the Weezer frontman started a family and learned to commune with the universe without losing his geek-rock mojo. By Gavin Edwards

RIVERS CUOMO, LEAD SINGER AND SONGWRITER OF WEEZER and one-time nerd-rock prodigy, has turned 39. He has a family, a nicely furnished house and the beginnings of a bald spot. In his spare time, he likes whittling, and he can speak knowledgeably about the merits of crocheting versus knitting. But you'd never know that from listening to Weezer's new album, *Raditude*. ♦ There's "Trippin' Down the Freeway," "Let It All Hang Out," "The Girl Got Hot" and, well, "Can't Stop Partying." Cuomo says he just wants to "create a fun atmosphere" for Weezer's listeners. "I have to enjoy what I'm doing," he says, "but it's not possible for me to have a good time singing something that means a lot to me if the other 15,000 people in the room don't want to hear it." ♦ For most of Cuomo's professional career, he hasn't enjoyed what he's been doing. Back in 1995, when he should have been basking in the success of Weezer's debut album, he wrote this entry in his journal: "I'm starting to feel the blackness closing in. I'm really alone. I'm really insane. I play piano constantly. At least four hours a day, total,

PHOTOGRAPH BY JEREMY AND CLAIRE WEISS



THE GOOD LIFE
Cuomo in
Santa Monica
in September

complete concentration and mindlessness. . . . I'm definitely going nuts."

Cuomo has periodically swung a tire iron at the kneecaps of his own career. He spent 13 months in a leg brace after deliberately breaking his right leg to make it the same length as his left. He attended Harvard irregularly from age 25 to 34 before graduating Phi Beta Kappa. He spent much of 1998 and 1999 holed up in a Los Angeles apartment with the walls painted black and the windows covered with insulation, obsessively writing songs, trying to crack the secret code of music. (He eventually learned the somewhat obvious lesson that his songs came out best when they held personal meaning for him.)

Cuomo's maladroitness intensity has helped him sell 8 million records in the United States, with radio hits from "Buddy Holly" to "Pork and Beans." The Weezer album *Pinkerton* provided a road map for the emo movement with its confessional lyrics about Cuomo's fickleness and his lust for Japanese girls. And now, Cuomo finally appears to have found some equilibrium in his life. "It's really hard to complain right now," he says with a smile.

It's a rainy Tuesday afternoon in L.A., and Cuomo is recording a song about bugs for the children's program *Yo Gabba Gabba!* in the home studio of music-biz veteran Tony Berg – a small shack, just past the swimming pool, with a copy of *The Chipmunks Sing the Beatles Hits* on the wall. Reading the lyrics on his BlackBerry, Cuomo sings, "He sleeps all day and hovers in the air." On Thursday, Weezer will be dressing up as insects and performing on the show, so Cuomo is preparing his own version of the song.

"I want to go up a minor third," he says. "Is that right?"

"Yeah, that sounds cool," says producer Shawn Everett. "Can you take it from the top of the dragonfly verse?"

"These are my friends, even though they are bugs," Cuomo sings, shifting his weight from one foot to the other. He stops wobbling and considers the line. "That's a cool lyric."

After he's done with the song, Cuomo sits on a stool in the vocal booth and talks about himself. He often takes long, unblinking pauses before speaking, but it doesn't feel like he's ducking questions, just that he's carefully constructing sentences in his head. Cuomo grew up on an ashram in Connecticut, and sometimes it seems like he never learned the basic rules of human interaction.

I remind Cuomo about how back in 1996, I sat on a tour bus in Lawrence, Kansas, watching with the other three members of Weezer as he headed into a Holiday Inn with a girl he had picked up after the show. Departure time came and went,

and it became apparent Cuomo wouldn't be emerging anytime soon. After some nervous phone calls, the tour manager told the driver to head east; in the morning, Cuomo caught a plane to the next city.

"Just hearing that little story makes me feel sad," Cuomo says. "I was trying to figure out how to be happy and kind of winging it, and acting off assumptions of what a rock musician was supposed to be like. And I know that it was a dead end."

Cuomo reflects, "I've gone back and forth in my life between having absurd furniture and expensive vacations to just having a mat on a bare floor in an empty apartment." He pauses again, letting the silence gather. "I don't want to judge myself, because it was the best I could do, but I went to some unnecessary extremes. It all seems kind of silly now. Since getting married, things have really evened out."

Cuomo met his wife, Kyoko, in 1997, after performing a solo concert in Boston; he spotted her in the audience and

suggestion of Rick Rubin. "It's given me a way to detach from urges, instincts, cravings, aversions, feelings," he says.

Asked how he would describe Cuomo, Brian Bell, Weezer's guitarist, says, "He's one of the most focused people I've ever met. And once when we went to a restaurant, he ordered a glass of milk – I had never seen an adult do that."

Raditude, Weezer's seventh album, is filled with big, crunchy power-pop anthems. The first single, "(If You're Wondering If I Want You To) I Want You To," is an ode to the awkward electricity of young lust. But these days, the songs are metaphors for Cuomo's life rather than literal descriptions. "I'm Your Daddy," for example, sounds like a ham-fisted seduction over a booming electro groove: "I would like to give you a demonstration of what I do/Take you out to dinner at Palermo's, split a cheese fondue." But the origin was a harrowing week when his daughter was in the hospital. "Her white-blood-cell count

"I was figuring out how to be happy, acting off assumptions of what a rock musician was supposed to be like. It was a dead end."

sought her out after the show. She had moved to the United States from a small city in Japan to attend school. They became friends but "didn't really do much of a dating thing," Cuomo says. A few years ago, when Cuomo decided he wanted to get married, he started thinking about her. Unfortunately, she had moved back to Japan, so there wasn't much opportunity for an extended courtship – just some long-distance phone calls and two or three trips to see each other. At the end of 2005, when Weezer were touring Japan, "I pulled the ring out of my pocket and got down on one knee," remembers Cuomo. "It was a big, scary step, but I'm so glad I took it."

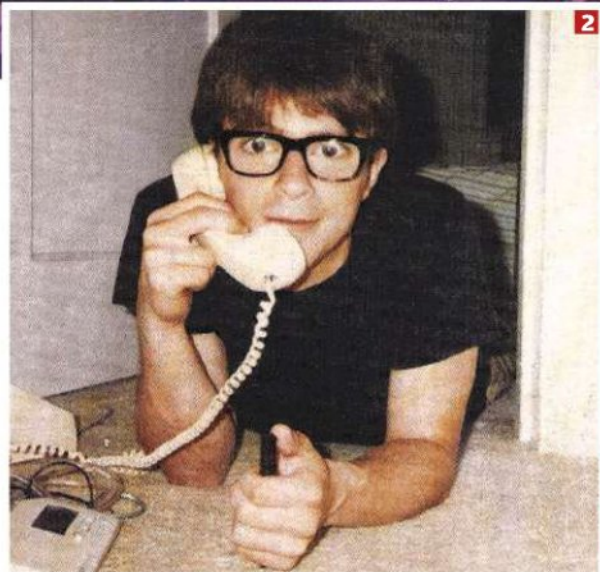
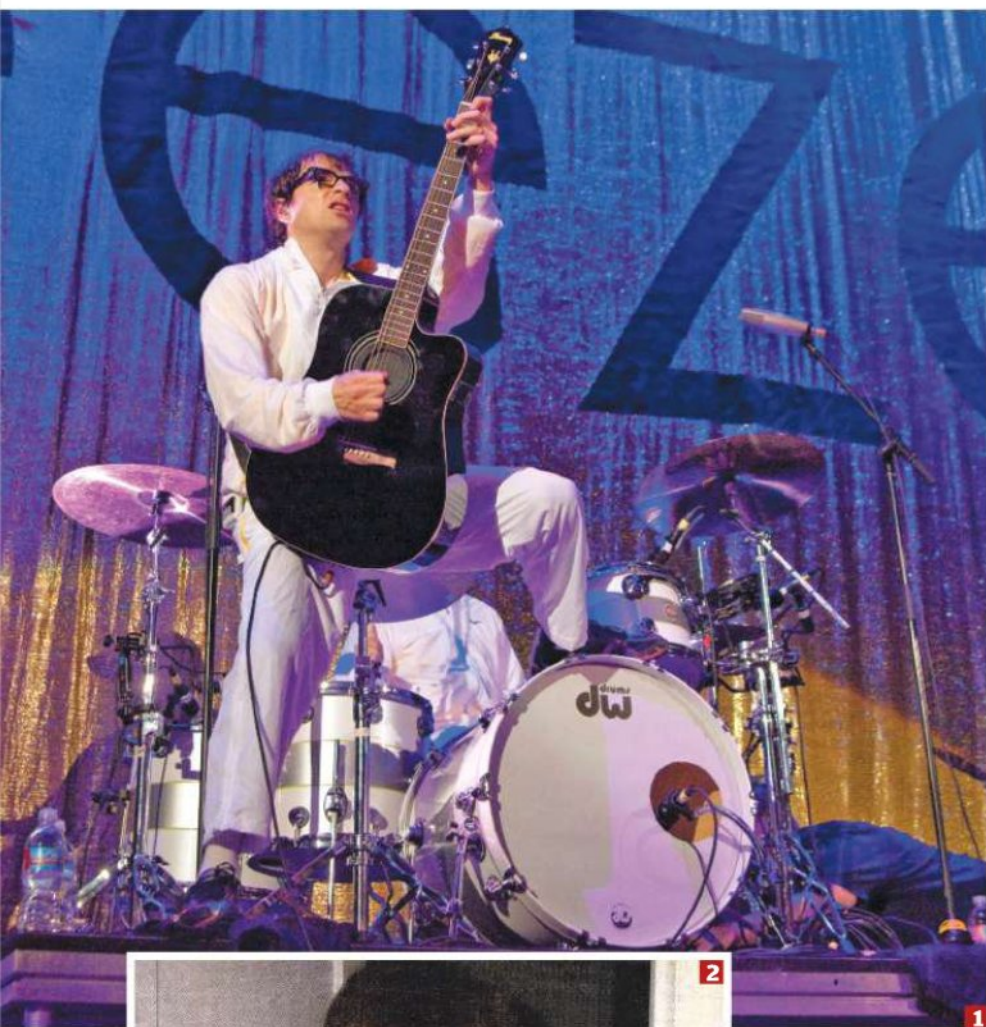
They have a two-year-old girl – Cuomo asks that we not print her name – who likes to mimic Daddy's onstage routine, playing air guitar, then reaching for an imaginary bottle of Gatorade behind her.

Cuomo takes three months off from Weezer every year. Some of that time is spent in Japan at Kyoko's parents' house, but 45 days are devoted to the complete silence of Vipassana meditation, at one of the centers that follow the teachings of S.N. Goenka. "I know it seems hardcore, but I've worked up to it gradually," Cuomo says. He started meditating in 2003, at the

had dropped real low, and no one knew what was going on or if she'd ever get better," Cuomo says. After staying at her bedside for five days, he took a break: "It wasn't doing any good for me to be there 24 hours a day. So I went away to write a song, and the first line was 'You are my baby tonight, and I'm your daddy.' And the song progressed from there, and it's got everything I love: heavy guitar riffs, beautiful melodies and electro-synth lines."

Cuomo is normally a solitary songwriter. He has hundreds of unreleased songs, filed away in three-ring binders (37 of his demos can now be heard on the albums *Alone* and *Alone II*). He shows off his wit when he's by himself, tapping out his thoughts on Twitter (recent Tweets: "Good thing John Mellencamp dropped the 'Cougar' from his name what with the new meaning of that word and all" and "How can Nietzsche have so few followers on Twitter?")

This year, Cuomo was feeling unusually collaborative. He was inspired by the hootenannies he hosted in conjunction with Weezer's 2008 tour, where fans showed up with instruments and played Weezer songs – sometimes awkwardly, but always joyfully. The *Not Alone* DVD documents a show where Cuomo wore a train conduc-



Balancing Act

"I went to some unnecessary extremes in my life, but things have evened out," says Cuomo. (1) In Irvine, California, September. (2) At age 23 in 1993. (3) Cutting Weezer's new album in July. (4) At a celebrity soccer game in January.



tor's outfit, sang "Butterfly" with a banjo accompanist and led a hundred fans in an "El Scorcho" singalong.

He's also reached out to other musicians, which started when Shirley Manson asked him to help her write some songs for her (still-unreleased) solo album. "It was a master class in pop writing," she says. "Rivers has this thing that's quite extraordinary. All my girlfriends have crazy crushes on him." Cuomo had so much fun, he started contacting other songwriters, ranging from Dr. Luke to Aly and AJ.

"He co-wrote with every jackass in the country, including me," says Butch Walker, who worked on "The Girl Got Hot" and the single "I Want You To." "He wants everything to be a challenge and an experiment – Rivers has this little-boy charm, but the mind of a genius." Walker, a longtime Weezer fan, felt a responsibility to make something that would be relevant for pop radio, as Cuomo wanted, but would stand alongside early Weezer classics: "I told him I want 'My Name Is Jonas,' not Nick Jonas."

Some of those songs were destined for other artists: "Pick You Up," for example, was recently recorded by Adam Lambert. Cuomo admits, "He has the kind of voice I convince myself that I have." Katy Perry did another. "I really like all the female pop stars," Cuomo says with unfeigned enthusiasm. "Miley Cyrus is my favorite."

Raditude's title comes from Rainn Wilson, best known for playing Dwight on *The Office*. After he interviewed Cuomo for his SoulPancake website this year, Wilson learned that Weezer were looking for an album title that had the feel of youthful rebellion. He came up with a list that included *Arrow Through the Head* and *Into the Brain* – and *Raditude*. Cuomo felt he needed a meaning for "raditude," so he now defines it as the state of concentration when you can achieve otherwise impossible feats – such as his ability to do a back flip off the drum riser while in concert. (Wilson had a simpler definition: "Awesomeness.")

The best, most surprising collaboration on *Raditude* is "Can't Stop Partying," which includes a rap from Lil Wayne. (Cuomo didn't get to meet him: "He snuck into the studio while I was away.") The song was originally written by R&B producer Jermaine Dupri as a party anthem. Cuomo didn't feel comfortable celebrating wholesale consumption of tequila and Ecstasy, but when he tried modifying the lyrics, his alternatives seemed stilted.

Cuomo thought about the song for weeks. During meditation, he came up with the solution: He undercut the lyric by writing some forlorn chords in a minor key. "Now you can hear sadness and desperation," he says. "And that's something I really can identify with." Cuomo pushes his hands deep into his pockets, looking for something. I can't tell if he's found it. "I need that complexity," he says. "The balance of the dark with the light."

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LOUD FAST

RULES

THE 10 BEST VIDEO GAMES RIGHT NOW



TURNTABLISM
DJ Hero features Jazzy Jeff (right), Shadow and Z-Trip.

DJ HERO

ACTIVISION (PS2, PS3, Wii, Xbox)

1

“DJ HERO” TAKES WHAT COULD HAVE BEEN A bland cash-in move – a hip-hop-and-dance version of *Guitar Hero* – and turns it into something that’s pure wish-fulfilling joy for anyone who’s ever remotely dreamed they could work a DJ booth. It’s from the makers of *Guitar Hero*, and at its core, the gameplay is the same: You press buttons in sync with cascading notes on the screen. But the similarities

end there. Players scratch, cross-fade and beat-match over 90 original mixes by artists including Grandmaster Flash and DJ Z-Trip on a turntable-shaped controller. It gets challenging: “I’m a lifelong video-game dude,” says DJ Shadow, who contributed some tracks, “and even I have some difficulty with it at expert level.” ★ The dream of making a great hip-hop/dance-music game isn’t new. Early attempts such as

Beatmania and *PaRappa the Rapper* found cult audiences but failed to break wide. *DJ Hero* has been in the works since 2006, the product of a small U.K. start-up company of game geeks and club kids called FreeStyleGames. “We were looking at *Guitar Hero* and saying, ‘This is great,’” says creative director Jamie Jackson, “but we like dance music.” Jackson and crew mocked up a cardboard-and-wood turntable controller in their garage.

Activision liked what it saw, and acquired FreeStyleGames last year. The controller also impressed DJ Shadow, who ended up becoming a consultant for the game and recording some of its music. A self-described “arcade rat,” Shadow had been approached by other video-game developers over the years (“Their ideas were always half-baked,” he says), but the *DJ Hero* guys’ level of preparation and musical sophistication won him over. They presented him with 50 songs that the game had

been cleared to use, and Shadow picked a half-dozen to play with, including David Bowie's "Let's Dance" and Boogie Down Productions' "Jack of Spades." He soon discovered that mixing tracks for a video game is different than the real thing. After making what he thought was a killer mix of "Dance" and "Spades," Shadow was told that his mix didn't have enough riffs for players to emulate. "At first, I was too precious about destroying what in my mind was a great mash-up," he says, "then I realized no one cares about a straight mash-up. We're talking about a game here – if it's not fun, nobody will want to play it."

DJ Z-Trip, who created three mixes for the game, made sure to include what he calls an "Eddie Van Halen-esque solo equivalent" in his mash-up of Public Enemy's "Bring the Noise" and "Genesis" by French dance duo Justice. Z-Trip also transformed Foreigner's anthemic "Jukebox Hero" into one of the game's theme tunes, "DJ Hero," though he's not sure how much will get lost on some players. "I wonder how many 10-year-olds will catch the references," he says.

Part of the appeal to people like Z-Trip is in introducing DJ music to a new generation of listeners, just as *Guitar Hero* brought classic rock to teens and tweens. And for those who miss thrashing the toy ax, there's a special mode that lets you plug in your old plastic guitar and play along as your DJ buddy mixes in your riffs on the fly.

Though Activision won't confirm the rumors, buzz about *DJ Hero 2* is already spreading online. For Jackson and the others at FreeStyle, though, the true measure of success will be immediately apparent. "The game needs to make you nod your head," he says, "or we haven't done our job."

DAVID KUSHNER



GAME-CHANGER: THE 'DJ HERO' CONTROLLER

"We went for a vintage feel," says *DJ Hero* creative director Jamie Jackson, "like an old Technics turntable." Along with red, green and blue buttons that you tap to the music à la *Guitar Hero*, the *DJ Hero* controller has some thrilling turntable-geek flourishes: You scratch a fake vinyl platter back and forth in sync with arrows onscreen and twiddle a cross-fader and an effects knob (much like *Guitar Hero*'s whammy bar), plus there's a special "Euphoria" button that gives you a boost of bass and automatic cross-fading after you rack up enough points.

DUTY CALLS

Modern Warfare 2 kicks up the military shooter's graphics.



CALL OF DUTY: MODERN WARFARE 2

INFINITY WARD (PC, PS3, Xbox)

2

THE BEST REASON TO GO to war is back again. After delivering the most adrenalinized WWII shooter ever with *Call of Duty: World at War*, the series returns to modern times. The foes this time are Russian ultranationalists, and there's a tweak that adds a lot of possibilities: In the old game, you could do things like call in air support after scoring several times without dying. This time, those rewards are customizable – you can call in an AC-130 gunship if you want. "It's like a playable action movie," says Vince Zampella, studio head of Infinity Ward, creators of the game.

The graphics have also been kicked up another notch: "We have more environmental effects," says Zampella, "things like eddies with trash swirling, and making the light and shadows more precise. We want everything to be believable but a little over the top."

D.K.

GAME-CHANGER: TEXTURE STREAMING

This under-the-hood tweak means that your console doesn't have to work as hard to render bigger and better-detailed graphics. "A lot of people won't notice," says Zampella, "but it makes the game a lot better."



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THE 10 BEST GAMES

BRÜTAL LEGEND

EA (PS3, Xbox)

3 THIS IS THE "SPINAL TAP" OF VIDEO games, a big, brash heavy-metal fantasy starring Jack Black, no less. Black is the voice of Eddie Riggs, a foul-mouthed, chain-smoking roadie who wakes up in a fiery underworld straight out of an Iron Maiden album cover: His mission is to fight off hellish ghouls with two axes – a badass blade and a magical Flying V guitar. What sets *Legend* apart is the hardcore-metal soundtrack. Game

designer Tim Schafer obsessively cherry-picked 108 deep-cut metal classics, from Anvil to Testament. The songs aren't mere background music, they're part of the action. "We wanted to create scenarios where you're not just playing 'Iron Man' but living out the lyrics," Schafer says. As a game, this is a headbanging ball. But for metal fans, it's a whole lot more – a long, loud love letter to the greatest mythology rock ever wrought. When you hear Lemmy Kilmister's voice scream from the motorcycle-madman character, you know you've arrived.

D.K.



ARM YOURSELF
Left 4 Dead 2 lets you fight off undead with frying pans and bats.

LEFT 4 DEAD 2

VALVE (PC, Xbox)

4 "LEFT 4 DEAD" BRILLIANTLY RE-invented the survival-horror game (epitomized by *Resident Evil*) as something you did with a squad of friends. Now, as your four-person crew battles the zombies, the combat goes hand-to-hand. Frying pans, chain saws and cricket bats are yours for the wielding – you can even bash the undead with an electric guitar (just the fix after a bad round of

The Beatles: Rock Band). The underworld backdrops are awesome to explore, from a fantasy version of New Orleans' French Quarter to a twisted carnival teeming with zombie clowns.

The freshest change – meant to appeal to hardcore multiplayer tourney gamers – is a new fast-and-furious mode called "Scavenge," where teams compete to refuel a generator from scattered gas cans before zombies close in. "We wanted something really quick and frantic," says Valve writer Chet Faliszek.

D.K.



'HERO' ERUPTS
Wolfgang Van Halen picked the guest artists for *Guitar Hero: VH*, out in December.

GUITAR HERO VAN HALEN

ACTIVISION (PS2, PS3, Wii, Xbox)

5 THE ULTIMATE GUITAR HERO finally gets his own video game. Diehard Van Halen fans should note that you get the latest lineup of the band (out: Sammy Hagar, Michael Anthony and that dude from Extreme; in: Wolfgang Van Halen and "Diamond" David Lee Roth). The band let Wolfgang, Eddie's 18-year-old son, pick the guest artists, including Weezer and Queen. There are also some interesting song choices: Next to no-brainers like "Runnin' With the Devil" are smart surprises like 1978's "Atomic Punk."

iPhone Games Attack

Apple could just take over gaming; meet the hottest new iPhone titles

With campy first-person shooter **Eliminate** (from the creators of cool early iPhone game *Rolando*) you can compete in four-person online death matches over Wi-Fi or 3G. The pace is fun, and the tone is tongue-in-cheek: You play a "tester" at a futuristic weapons company who tests products on live humans. One twist: an upgrade system that lets you buy power-ups for your weapons or armor with credits, or by watching actual ads. (ngmoco.com)

Set in an alternate-history 1950s in which Hitler never existed, **Command & Conquer: Red Alert** pits you and your armies against those of a rampaging Stalin threatening Western Europe. Serious strategy-game fans will be happy to have a game with this much complexity in their pockets at all times. (ea.com)



RED ALERT Strategy game
Command & Conquer

In the *Nintendogs*-like **Touch Pets Dogs**, you choose from seven breeds and train them to perform dog tricks. The killer app is that you can upload your dog to a social network and make it available for "play dates" with friends. (ngmoco.com)

The first game to use both the iPhone's GPS and motion-sensing capabilities, **Geoplay Golf** creates a virtual golf course that is based on where you are in the real world. (trilightstudios, out this year)

TOM SAMILJAN

During studio visits with Eddie, Dave and drummer Alex Van Halen, Activision VP Tim Riley found the band playful and pugnacious. "We had a lot of talks about whether Eddie should have long hair or short in the game," he says. Which won? "We went with both," says Riley.

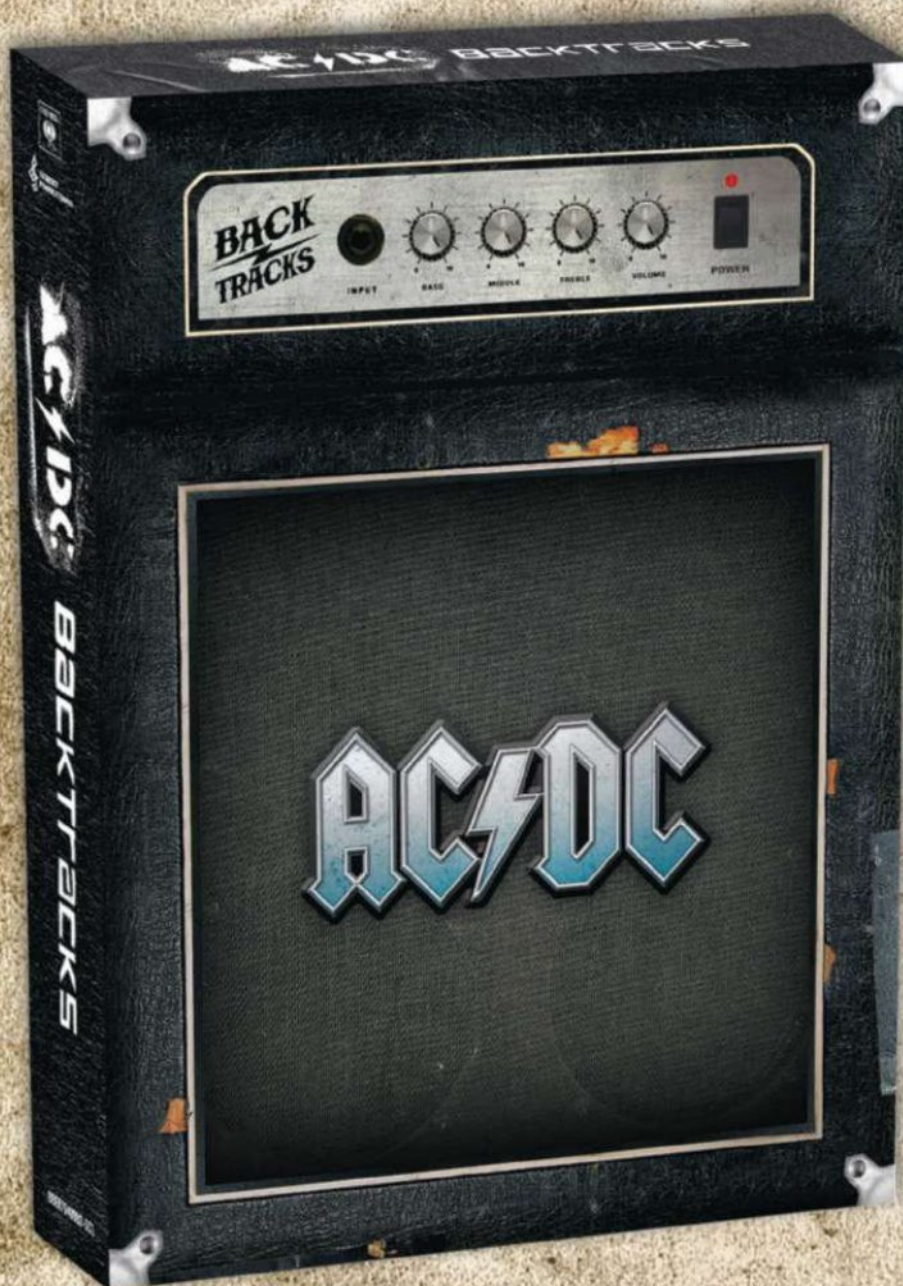
D.K.

GAME-CHANGER: VAN HALEN'S 'ERUPTION'

Eddie Van Halen's classic feat of harmonic-tapping bombast could just be the most perfect *Guitar Hero* track ever. "If you play it on the harder level," says Riley, "it's one of the most difficult songs I've ever played."

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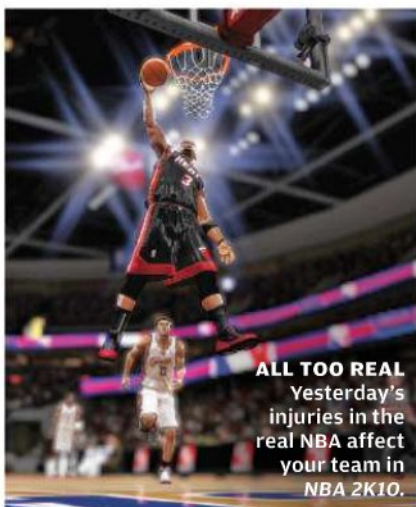
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THE 10 BEST GAMES



ALL TOO REAL
Yesterday's injuries in the real NBA affect your team in *NBA 2K10*.

NBA 2K10 2K SPORTS (PC, PSP, PS2, PS3, Wii, Xbox)

6 ANOTHER YEAR BRINGS ANOTHER sadistically addictive installment of the bestselling NBA franchise. The players' signature styles are even more exact, from Allen Iverson's lightning-fast crossovers to Kobe Bryant's pissed-off scowl. But now your characters' dribbling and crossover moves get scored to beef up your abilities. For more customization, a "My Player" mode lets you spawn, train and compete with your own pro baller. Don't laugh, but developers 2K Sports are hoping to bring *World of Warcraft* nerds into the hoops action: "We're bringing the idea of role-playing and sports together in the same title," says 2K's gameplay director, Rob Jones. **D.K.**

GAME-CHANGER: 'NBA TODAY'

Real NBA news and schedules get fed onto your screen, from last night's scores to tonight's schedule and the latest league averages. Even cooler, injuries and roster changes get immediately integrated into the video game's commentary.

ASSASSIN'S CREED II UBISOFT (PS3, Xbox)

7 "CREED" WAS THE MOST EXCITING "historical fiction action-adventure game," which is a fancy way of saying that you were a ninjalike assassin kicking butt and sneaking around in the Middle Ages. This time, they've bumped it up to Renaissance Italy, and you're on the rooftops of Florence and Venice. "Our main focus was to be unpredictable," says producer Sebastien Puel, who adds that you can expect "more diverse assassinations." New ways of offing people include using their weapons against them and killing two people at once with twin swords.

Assassin's Creed II is rendered in the same beautiful painterly detail as the first, and they make the most of the historical

backdrop: New characters that help you along the way include Machiavelli, Leonardo da Vinci and Lorenzo de' Medici. **T.S.**

AVATAR UBISOFT (DS, PC, PSP, PS3, Wii, Xbox)

8 THE VIDEO-GAME COUNTERPART to James Cameron's upcoming space-colonization epic isn't an easy cash-in: You're an agent hired by a futuristic mining company to help take over a planet. About an hour in, you have to choose to play for your boss or the aliens, which makes for two games in one. **T.S.**

GAME-CHANGER: 3-D GAMING

Much like the movie, *Avatar* is the first major video game to be playable in high-definition 3-D. But to get the full effect, you'll need to wear 3-D glasses and have a 3-D-capable TV; if you don't, producer Patrick Naud assures us, "We've made it to be good in 2-D."

GRAND THEFT AUTO IV: THE BALLAD OF GAY TONY

ROCKSTAR (Xbox)

9 THIS NEW DOWNLOADABLE EPISODE for the *Grand Theft Auto* franchise delves into what Rockstar founder Sam Houser calls "high-end nightlife": You travel between a handful of different nightclubs (gay and straight) for minigames based around dancing, drinking and management (be a bouncer to keep out and handle lowlife clubgoers). Your mission is to help your boss Tony "Gay Tony" Prince get out of drug-use-induced debt.

In addition to the Liberty City demi-monde, the episode is focused on over-the-top-action gameplay, thanks to new weapons (like a glitzy gold SMG), helicopters and accessories (like parachutes, for jumping off tall buildings Jerry Bruckheimer-style). **T.S.**

NEW SUPER MARIO BROS. WII

NINTENDO (Wii)

10 THE FIRST TRULY MULTIPLAYER version of Nintendo's most famous franchise, *New Super Mario Bros. Wii* lets up to four people run, jump and climb through a 2-D side-scrolling landscape. What's cool is that the multiplayer mode can be activated at the start of any level, and then turned off if you feel like playing by yourself. "The game can change dramatically depending on how you're playing and who you're playing with," says creator Shigeru Miyamoto. "You can play by yourself or just have friends over and have fun fooling around in any level." **T.S.**

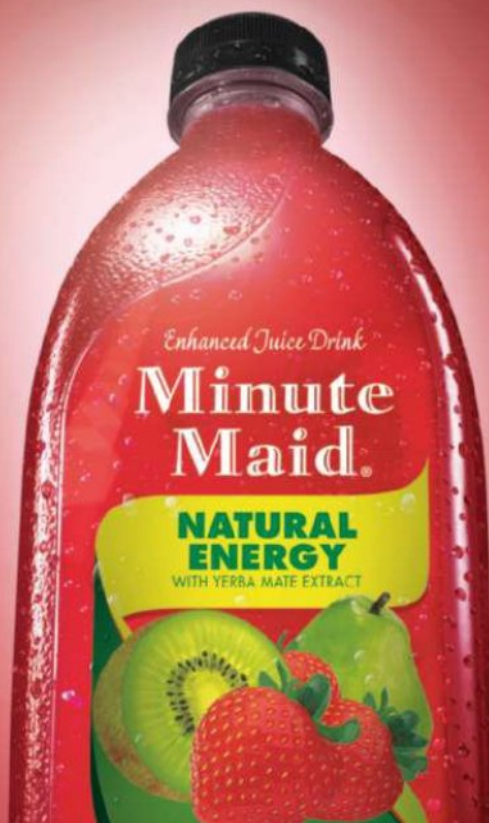


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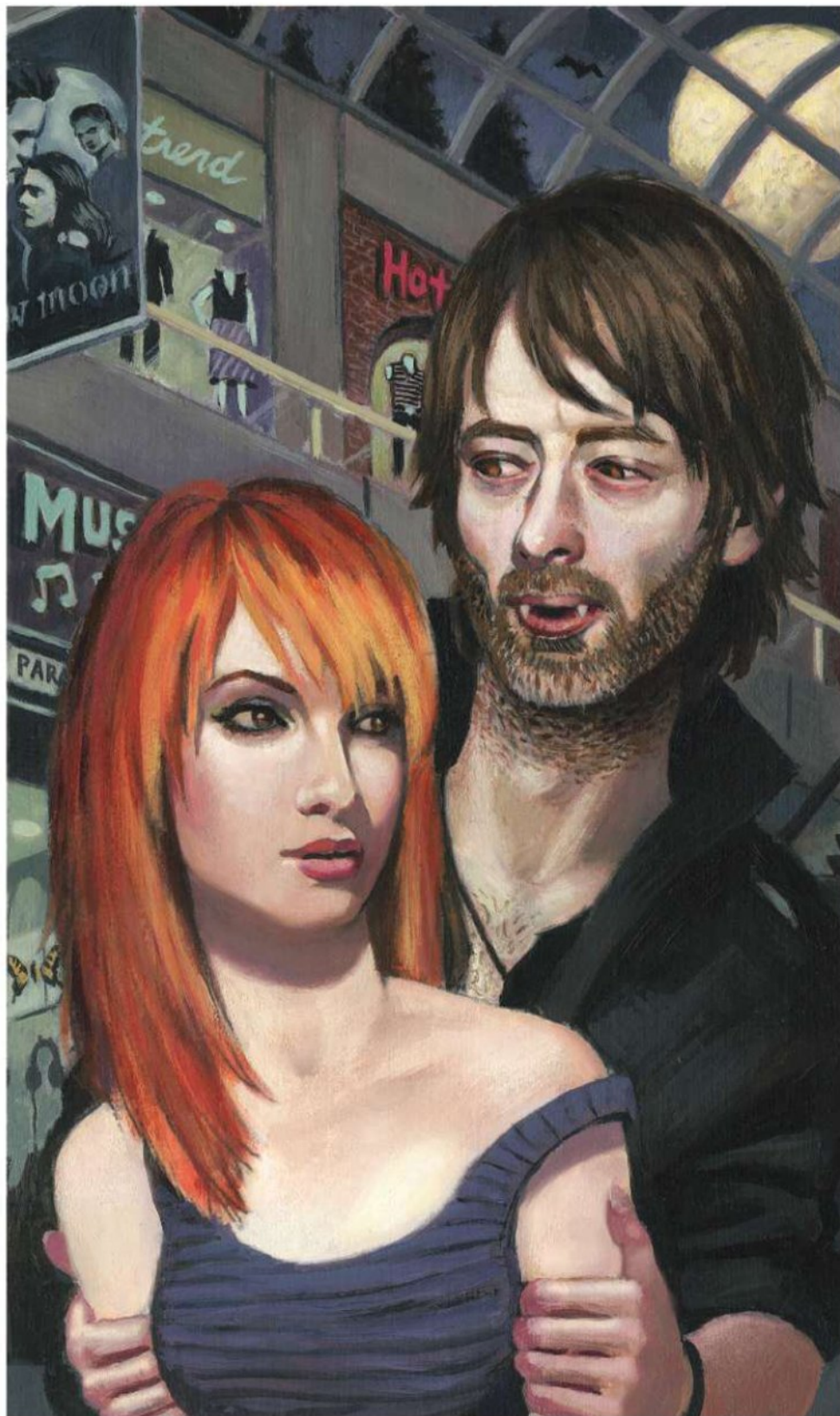
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Hot, sexy and undead: New Wave valentines for the Vampire Nation

Various Artists

★★★★½

The Twilight Saga:
New Moon Chop Shop/Atlantic

BY ROB SHEFFIELD



IT'S A SHAME John Hughes didn't live to hear the *New Moon* soundtrack – it's a *Pretty in Pink* for our vampire-crazed times. Indeed, if Hughes were making a *Breakfast Club 2010*, Molly Ringwald's detention buddies would have to include a vampire, a zombie, a werewolf and whatever Judd Nelson was. As any goth girl can tell you, undead dudes are way cooler than the flesh-and-blood kind.

The genius of the *Twilight* saga is the way it celebrates the passion of the all-American fang hag, with Robert Pattinson as the perfect plasma-slurping pinup boy: He's hot, he's sexy, and he's undead. So *New Moon* is a movie soundtrack, but it's also a concept album about the bond between teenage girls and their imaginary bloodsucker boyfriends.

As a movie, *New Moon* isn't too far from *Pretty in Pink* – except now Duckie's a werewolf. So it's fitting that the soundtrack is up to that same standard of excellence, piling on the New Wave melodrama. Where the original *Twilight* soundtrack went for rock bombast, as in Paramore's hit "Decode," this year's model is hushed and atmospheric. *New Moon* rounds up a crew of indie-rock heavyweights – Thom Yorke, Death Cab for Cutie, Grizzly Bear, Bon Iver – and you can bet your Team

Jacob T-shirt they all rise to the occasion. Death Cab set the pace with their excellent "Meet Me on the Equinox," an Edward-and-Bella make-out song where Ben Gibbard broods, "Let our bodies intertwine/But always understand that everything ends." *Nosferatu*-tastic!

It all flows together, since most of the music follows the same basic template – acoustic guitar, ravish-me-by-moonlight vocals and ominous synth strings. Practically every singer on the album tries to sound English and tremble-lipped, whether they're from L.A. (Sea Wolf), Vegas (the Killers) or Stockholm (Lykke Li). Maybe they were partly inspired by the knowledge that this would be a blockbuster – but it sure sounds like they were also inspired by the chance to sing about vampire lust, exposing their sappy sides more nakedly than they'd dare on their own albums.

Either way, the highlights keep coming: Lykke Li's piano-based "Possibility," Anya Marina's stark "Satellite Heart," the Killers' over-the-tippity-top "A White Demon Love Song," Yorke's "Hearing Damage" is the unquestionable standout. It's a bang-up electronic ballad that doesn't much resemble his previous solo work but expands on the style of *In Rainbows* – over droning synths, Yorke moans, "You can do no wrong in my eyes."

Every era gets its own vampire fantasies. The Sixties had the Swinging London mod vampires of Hammer flicks like *Dracula: Prince of Darkness*. The Eighties had *The Lost Boys*, with Kiefer Sutherland's undead biker gang. In our time, we get everything from *True Blood* to *Let the Right One In*. But the *Twilight* saga tops them all by being so everyday: All these ghouls are battling it out over a totally ordinary girl in a drab Pacific Northwest town. The music on *New Moon* lives up to the story because it captures the day-to-day bleakness, along with the sexual obsessions seething under the surface. John Hughes would be proud – and so would Bram Stoker.

Key Tracks: "Hearing Damage," "Satellite Heart"

Weezer's Glorious Cheese Rock

Rivers Cuomo calls in Lil Wayne and cranks out the party-hearty geek anthems

Weezer ★★★½

Raditude DGC



DO YOU THINK RIVERS CUOMO EVER GETS tired of pissing people off? Check that album title again. The fact that he's willing to slap a title like *Raditude* on his work shows that when it comes to taunting and baiting the crowd, Cuomo makes every other rock star out there look like a dilettante. Ever since he attracted the obsessive Weezer cult with *Pinkerton*, he's inspired wildly hyperbolic reactions to his every move. So to a casual fan, each Weezer album sounds pretty great, and each Weezer album sounds exactly like the last one. But to a true Weezer cultist, each is a shameful betrayal of everything "El Scorcho" stood for. Which was what, exactly?

Raditude is full of gloriously cheesy Weezer tunes, led by the ridonk geek-love anthem "(If You're Wondering If I Want You To) I Want You To." He teams up with Jermaine Dupri and Lil Wayne for the hilarious "Can't Stop Partying," and he veers into dance-pop production with Dr. Luke for "I'm Your Daddy," wowing the ladies with his moonwalk moves and cheese fondue. His willingness to make fun of his psychosexual damage only makes it more poignant. The not-quite-ironic melancholy of "Can't Stop Partying" may reflect a uniquely twisted relationship with his twisted audience. But from the sound of *Raditude*, Cuomo savors every minute of it.

Key Tracks:

"Can't Stop Partying," "I'm Your Daddy"

ROB SHEFFIELD



CAN'T STOP PARTYING
Pat Wilson, Cuomo, Scott Shriner and Brian Bell (from left)

Nirvana ★★★★★

Bleach (Deluxe Edition)

Sub Pop

REISSUE

Debut LP tricked out with photos and a wicked live set



HOT ON THE heels of *Live at Reading* is this dolled-up 20th-anniversary (!)

edition of Nirvana's debut, which barely hit the radar on its initial release but whose resonance ballooned as the band scorched the earth. Now, its near-greatness is plain, most clearly on "About a Girl," in the abraded Lennon-McCartney chord changes, and in the existential grunge howl of "School." The bonus live tracks, also pre-Dave Grohl – from Portland, Oregon, February 9th, 1990 – include both songs, plus revelatory takes on "Been a Son" and the Vaselines' "Molly's Lips." Beginning with a feedback overture and ending with full-on instrument destruction, the live set is a snapshot of a menacingly feral band about to become a beast.

WILL HERMES

Key Tracks: "About a Girl," "Molly's Lips" (Live), "School" (Live)

Julian Casablancas

★★★★

Phrazes for the Young RCA

Solo singer becomes an extremely different Stroke



ON THEIR RECENT side projects, Fab, Albert and Nikolai tried to show they could

work outside the Strokes' neo-New Wave sound. Julian Casablancas' solo debut takes that MO to its limit. *Phrazes* is like his version of Thom Yorke's *The Eraser* – guitars submarined by wild-angled synths, off-kilter beats tripping up big ballads. A few songs have the old leather-jacket kick, but things get weirder as he explores alienation from a Lower East Side he once ruled. When he mourns, "Yuppies invading!" on the techno-country "Ludlow St.," he seems ready to move upstate and begin his "gentleman farmer" period. JON DOLAN

Key Tracks: "Left & Right in the Dark," "Out of the Blue"

Jay Farrar and Benjamin Gibbard ★★★

One Fast Move or I'm Gone: Kerouac's Big Sur F-Stop/Atlantic

Death Cab and Son Volt guys go beatnik



"AN UGLY book of ugly places in the mind" is how one observer

admirably describes *Big Sur* in a new documentary on Jack Kerouac's death-haunted novel. For this soundtrack, Ben Gibbard (Death Cab for Cutie) and Jay Farrar (Son Volt) spin songs with guitars and pedal steel, trying to capture the book's vibe. The lyrics, built from Kerouac's prose, often feel wordy. But the singers channel Kerouac's angst, and when they combine their magnificent voices, as on "Sea Engines," the effect is striking: ugliness spun magically into beauty.

W.H.

Key Tracks: "One Fast Move or I'm Gone," "Sea Engines"

Kiss ★★★

Sonic Boom Kiss

Rock's longest-running circus hits town again



THE NEW Kiss record is a chamber-pop concept album about the plight of migrant workers. Just kidding. On their 19th studio effort, the glam-rock war horses smear on the greasepaint and blast out odes to rocking all night and partying all day. Kiss are a piece of Americana - more akin to the Ringling Brothers Circus than a rock band. The only question to ask of a new Kiss song is: Will it provide decent accompaniment for a Gene Simmons blood-belching performance in a packed arena? This big, dumb, catchy record passes that test.

JODY ROSEN

Key Tracks: "Never Enough," "All for the Glory"

BUY THESE NOW

Wolfmother

Cosmic Egg

DGC/Interscope

Wildier, earthier and funkier than the Aussie rockers' 2006 debut, *Cosmic Egg* has nary a boring moment - thanks largely to singer Andrew Stockdale's Valhalla-reaching wail.

Devendra Banhart

What Will We Be

Warner Bros.

The singer-songwriter's idea of a first-class trip takes in all the right stops - including stoner rock, Tropicália and Mark Bolan's acoustic-hobbit and electric-tyke era.

The xx

XX

Young Turks

These four young Londoners tackle Jam-and-Lewis-style R&B with an indie band's chops. The result: a killer rock-and-soul debut.

Brand New

★★★★½

Daisy Interscope

Creepy minimalism from Long Island emo guys



WHILE OTHER emo bands were locked in an arms race, dreaming up concept albums or indulging in hair-metal hugeness, Brand New were learning judo. The quartet's fourth album avoids genre commonplaces with subtle shadings - here some Modest Mouse-style whine, there some warped blues riffs. Jesse Lacey delivers goth-tastic proclamations - "You tried to put a fire out, but you used gasoline" - and songs like the heroin-jag slow-burner "Bed" prove that letting rip isn't always Lacey's best move.

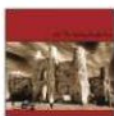
CHRISTIAN HOARD

Key Tracks: "Vices," "Be Gone"

U2 ★★★★★½

The Unforgettable Fire (25th-Anniversary Edition) Mercury **REISSUE**

U2's great transitional album gets deluxe reissue



THIS TRANSITIONAL, hit-or-miss set, U2's first collaboration

with producers Brian Eno and Daniel Lanois, followed 1983's breakthrough, *War*. When things click, it bridges that record's fight-the-power arena rock with the texture fetishism of its follow-up, *The Joshua Tree*. The transcendent "Bad" is the triumph, but the bonus disc adds fascinating experiments, including the excellent Bowie-drag outtake "Disappearing Act" and some funky B sides that borrow from Eno's Talking Heads playbook (see "Boomerang II"). They're working notes from the band's first great reinvention; it wouldn't be its last.

W.H.

Key Tracks: "Bad," "Disappearing Act," "Boomerang II"

Amerie ★★★

In Love & War Def Jam

R&B lady delivers killer fast ones, blander ballads



ON AMERIE'S fourth album, she excels at getting in your face without overdosing on divatude - not much excessive Beyoncé-size vocalizing here. The lack of pretense can't save snoozy slow ones like "The Flowers," but some of the up-tempo tracks borrow the basic approach of her great 2005 single "1 Thing": Both "Heard 'Em All" and the guitar-flecked "Dangerous" are vibrant numbers that put the drums up front, alongside Amerie's percussive attack. Too bad that she can't hold to that standard for the whole record.

C.H.

Key Tracks: "Heard 'Em All," "Red Eye"

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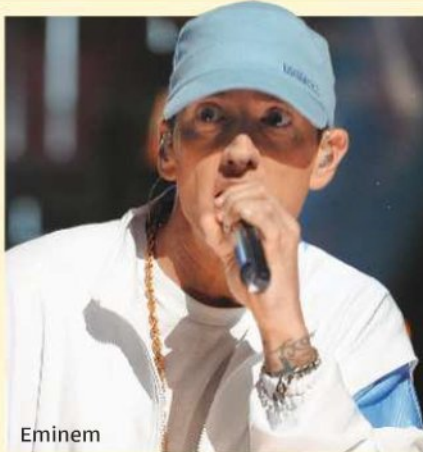
U2

The Unforgettable Fire

REMASTERED AUDIO
DIRECTED BY THE EDGE

REVIEWS MUSIC

TOP SINGLES



Eminem

Eminem ★★½**"Taking My Ball" Leaked**

Eminem began his career by spouting calculatedly offensive insults at Britney Spears and Christina Aguilera. Ten years later, he's moved on to Mischa Barton and Kim Kardashian. On "Taking My Ball" - recorded for Em's version of the *DJ Hero* video game - those insults feel like a dreary mannerism, a Tourette's-syndrome tic.

Eminem raps over a jaunty beat in a ludicrous mock-West Indian patois; he remains a technical virtuoso, of course, but to what end? To rhyme "Kardashian" with "strap-on"? Let's hope he saved the good stuff for his upcoming *Relapse 2*. **JODY ROSEN**

LCD Soundsystem ★★★★★**"Bye Bye Bayou"**

myspace.com/lcdsoundsystem

James Murphy returns in top form: On this cover of Alan Vega's 1980 post-punk powerhouse, dance rock's king trades demented rockabilly music for streamlined synths, robotic hand claps and spaced-out vocals. A paranoid vibe permeates the groove - "Helicopters are coming," Murphy sings over machine-gun shots - but the spookiness only makes this seven-minute disco odyssey all the more thrilling.

KEVIN O'DONNELL

Adam Lambert ★★★★★½**"Time for Miracles"***Leaked*

Time for miracles? The miracle would be if Glambert's debut single were anything less than stellar. The song may not be full-on Glambertation - just a generic hack-flick power ballad. But when the cracked actor sets off his falsetto fireworks at the end, he makes it something special - and whets your appetite for his next move. **ROB SHEFFIELD**

Rihanna ★★★★★½**"Russian Roulette"**

rihannanow.com

This harrowing glimpse into the mind of an abused woman will stifle all snickers. Over a constricted electro-R&B pulse, Rihanna abandons all hope: "It's too late to think of the value of my life." A single gunshot follows. **PETER RELIC**

N.E.R.D feat. Santigold ★★★★★½**"Soldier"***iTunes*

Santigold declares her bedroom-warrior bona fides over a brisk, roots-reggae march. When it shifts into hardcore-style double time, Pharrell speed-spits some rhymes about N.E.R.D concert etiquette, etc. It ain't *Bad Brains*, but it'll get your blood pumping.

WILL HERMES

Akon ★★★★★½**"No More You"***Leaked*

The hook-happy hitmaker is one lovelorn Joe: Pizzicato strings and a clap-along beat promise friskiness, but when Akon checks his passenger side, "there's nobody to ride." **P.R.**

Timbaland feat. SoShy ★★★★★½**"Morning After Dark"**

myspace.com/timbaland

Sounding like he's been reading Stephenie Meyer on South Beach, Tim drops a Euro-disco chorus into a vampire-themed electro-funk jam. "When the cats come out, the bats come out to play," he chortles, while his protégée sing-rhymes. Somewhere, Nelly Furtado is jealous. **W.H.**



Timbaland

A Place to Bury Strangers ★★★★★**"In Your Heart"**

aplacetoburystrangers.com

That sharp pain jabbing at your forehead? Just the Brooklyn indie-slop trio tracing a gooey pop melody through layers of guitar fuzz, as if *My Bloody Valentine* and the Jesus and Mary Chain had group sex to a catchy racket. Phil Spector would have been proud to call his own. **R.S.**

Charlotte Gainsbourg ★★★★★**"IRM"**

charlottegainsbourg.com

The daughter of French *lounge*-pop legend Serge Gainsbourg teams up with avant-*lounge* legend Beck for an autobiographical song about a brain scan (IRM is the Gallic translation of MRI). Over medical-equipment drone and galloping, seizure-inducing drums, she intones the details with impressive fearlessness. Of course, France has a national health care plan. **W.H.**

Leighton Meester feat. Robin Thicke ★★**"Somebody to Love"**

myspace.com/leightonmeester

The debut single from the *Gossip Girl* star's first album features a decent dance beat and a guest appearance worthy of Blair Waldorf. But when Meester purrs uninspired lyrics like "Je t'adore, make a move, do the thing," you wish she would've just covered the classic Queen song instead. **SARENE LEEDS**



HALL OF FAME JAMS
George Harrison, Bob
Dylan, Little Richard and
Mike Love in 1988

Rock's Biggest Night: The Hall of Fame Opens Its Vaults

FOR 25 YEARS, IT'S BEEN ROCK & roll's most star-studded night – and its toughest ticket. With a few exceptions – highlights on VH1, scattered clips on YouTube and one year when it was opened up to the public – the all-star jams and emotional tributes at the annual Rock and Roll Hall of Fame induction ceremony have been seen exclusively by an audience of music-industry insiders.

This comprehensive, eight-disc DVD opens the vaults. It's all here: 1986's first supergroup (Chuck Berry, Jerry Lee Lewis, Keith Richards, Neil Young, among others); Bruce Springsteen and Axl Rose gamely duetting on an unrehearsed "Come Together"; Mick Jagger and Tina Turner trading verses on "Honky Tonk Women"; Prince soaring through a guitar solo on "While My Guitar Gently Weeps," backed by Tom Petty, Dhani Harrison and Jeff Lynne; and the guitar-god dream team of Young, Jimmy Page, Richards, Carlos Santana and the Edge setting "All Along the Watchtower" ablaze. "I'm not used to sweating and not getting paid for it," Richards once said, speaking for his peers.

There is also tantalizing rehearsal footage, such as John Fogerty showing Springsteen and Robbie Robertson how to play "Who'll Stop the Rain." But backstage or not, all the footage has an uncommon intimacy: It's fascinating to watch Little Richard wedge his way into that Jagger-Turner duet; to see Johnny Cash casually strumming in relative anonymity in the

third row of a guitar chorus; or to watch Eddie Vedder look to Michael Stipe for approval as he helps R.E.M. sing "Man on the Moon."

Even in truncated form, the induction speeches shine. Bono's stand out: his infamous "Rasta-man. Herbsman. Jamaican" tribute to Bob Marley; his description of Springsteen as having "no bad-hair period, even in the Eighties"; and his off-the-cuff riff on the Who: "All you need is love; you also need a great nose." Springsteen is the other Hall of Fame toastmaster; he returns the favor to Bono by inducting U2, calling them "the last band of whom I would be able to name all of its members."

A companion book, *The Rock and Roll Hall of Fame: The First 25 Years*, offers year-by-year essays. It also includes transcripts of many of the great speeches, notably Pete Townshend's loving roast of the Rolling Stones, in which he calls them "the only group I've ever really been unashamed about idolizing." The photos are a sweeping mix of shots from all over the inductees' careers and photos from the ceremony, all the way up to 2009 honoree Jeff Beck's wall-of-noise version of the Yardbirds' "Train Kept a-Rollin'," with Page, Joe Perry, Kirk Hammett, James

Hetfield and Flea backing him up. As inductee Darryl McDaniels of Run-DMC told the audience, "The best thing y'all can do is give love to a kid, because that kid may grow up and be in the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame."

MARK KEMP



The Rock and Roll Hall of Fame + Museum Live DVD
★★★★★
Time Life



The Rock and Roll Hall of Fame: The First 25 Years
★★★★★
Time Life

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- ROLLING STONE (OCTOBER 29, 1992)

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Glee: The Music, Volume 1 ★★½

'Glee' Cast Columbia

Genre-mixing soundtrack to TV campfest



TRANSLATING *American Idol*-style stardom to CD depends on the X-factor of good original material. *Glee*, Fox's mix of *The Breakfast Club* and *High School Musical*, solves that by recycling classic hits. In *Glee*-land, rock, tween pop and Tin Pan Alley aren't at odds – Journey, Jordin Sparks and Kanye are all karaoke fodder. Star Matthew Morrison couldn't rap his way out of a 98" rehearsal. But Amber "Mercedes" Riley crushes Jazmine Sullivan's "Bust Your Windows," and the Gleeeks' "Don't Stop Believin'" is a triumphal moment against which resistance is futile. **JON DOLAN**

Key Tracks: "Don't Stop Believin'," "Bust Your Windows"

Tim McGraw

★★★

Southern Voice *Curb*

Country superstar shows off his work ethic



TIM MCGRAW may not be the hardest-working man in country music, but he sounds the part, having risen to megastardom by projecting the charm of a bootstrapper. His 10th album is best when it's a little grim, as on the spaghetti-Westernized "If I Died Today," in which a waiter contemplates the abyss, and "Mr. Whoever You Are," a bleak ballad about a dead-end romance. McGraw doesn't have the vocal swing to pull off novelties like "It's a Business Doing Pleasure With You," the album's first single. But he mostly hews to his strengths, singing sad, earnest songs and letting the effort show – a superstar who's still a striver. **JODY ROSEN**

Key Tracks: "Mr. Whoever You Are," "You Had to Be There"

Flight of the Conchords ★★½

I Told You I Was Freaky

Sub Pop

New Zealand joke-rockers stumble but don't fall flat



ON THE SECOND full-length album from this comedy duo, electro beats and white-soul croons bump against jokes about cannibalism and girl troubles – in other words, nothing terribly new for these smart Kiwi guys. The yuks-per-track ratio has fallen a bit compared to last year's *Flight of the Conchords*, but the combo of silliness and self-deprecation often works, and no visuals are needed for "You Don't Have to Be a Prostitute," a "Roxanne"-flavored cut where one male roommate dissuades another from streetwalking, partly because he keeps bringing clients home. **CHRISTIAN HOARD**

Key Tracks: "You Don't Have to Be a Prostitute," "Carol Brown"

Rosanne Cash

★★★½

The List *Manhattan*

Johnny's daughter overhauls his favorite country songs



WHEN JOHNNY Cash gave daughter Rosanne his list of 100 essential country songs in 1973, she kept it tucked away until she could bring something of herself to the music. Thirty-six years later, she's brought in Bruce Springsteen, Elvis Costello and Rufus Wainwright, who help Cash make these songs her own. Electronic shadings give new color and depth to the Hank Williams hit "Take These Chains From My Heart," as do the organ and layered strings on her atmospheric version of Merle Haggard's "Silver Wings." Her more faithful take on "She's Got You" is less effective, simply because Cash's voice doesn't have the bravado of Patsy Cline's. But overall, these imaginative interpretations would make Papa proud. **MARK KEMP**

Key Track: "Bury Me Under the Weeping Willow"

BOOKS

Trust: Photographs of Jim Marshall

★★★★

Omnibus



Marshall's most famous photos – Johnny Cash flipping the bird at San Quentin, Jimi Hendrix setting fire to his guitar at Monterey – have become nearly as iconic as his subjects. He was among the first to capture rock musicians not as pinups but as serious messengers. *Trust* catches rockers at their most unguarded, in a swirl of light and dark and mystery. When you see Mick Jagger looking sullen between *Exile on Main Street* vocal takes, you're there not only in the studio but in his synapses. **BARRY WALTERS**

Led Zeppelin: Shadows Taller Than Our Souls

★★★★½

Charles R. Cross

It



Though it's packed with great photos and artifacts (dig the facsimile program from a Carnegie Hall show in 1969), this biography also makes room for some scholarly analysis – namely, the idea that Zep were as sophisticated as any high-toned artiste. The take on "Stairway to Heaven" is strong – never mind the mythology aspect, Cross argues, it's the blend of acoustic and electric that sells the grandiosity. **COLIN FLEMING**

Man of Constant Sorrow

★★★★★

Dr. Ralph Stanley

Gotham



Bluegrass legend Stanley never lacked hard-line experiences, and from his Virginia boyhood to his dealings with the enigmatic King label, the life chronicled in this autobiography is right out of Southern Gothic lit. His admission that he asked a neighbor to inform his mother that his brother (and bandmate) had died echoes with shame years later. Throughout, the level of detail renders Stanley's tales as captivating as his music. **C.F.**

The Swell Season ★★½

Strict Joy *Anti-*

The Busker and the Girl return
– once bitten, twice shy



BEFORE THEIR performance in the movie *Once* won them Oscars, Irish singer-songwriter Glen Hansard and Czech singer-pianist Markéta Irglová released quietly brooding songs as the Swell Season. On *Strict Joy*, the duo deliver with their most dynamic set yet, with hot Irish soul segueing into energetic folk rock and dream-pop-touched balladry. What unifies the album is its sexual tension. Irglová's "Fantasy Man" is a barely veiled rumination on the duo's complicated post-*Once* relationship: "The force that swept us both away was too strong for us to fight."

M.K.

Key Tracks: "Low Rising," "Fantasy Man"

Atlas Sound

★★★★½

Logos *Kranky*

Deerhunter guy mixes elegant noise with pop smarts



LAST YEAR, Bradford Cox, frontman for Atlanta trance-rockers Deerhunter, became a victim of hackers when his unfinished record was leaked onto the Internet. He was so miffed he almost scrapped it, and it's lucky for us he didn't. Cox's second solo disc as the Atlas Sound brilliantly channels spaced-out folk balladry through hazy chamber pop à la Panda Bear or Stereolab (said Bear and the Lab's Laetitia Sadier both add vocals). Cox's drone-weaves have a catchall quality – there's West African guitar on "Criminals" and doo-wop on "My Halo." But an innate tunefulness turns soundscapes into songs that stick; the marriage-proposal/suicide-pact "Shelia" is a *Romeo and Juliet* fantasy in the finest "Don't Fear the Reaper" tradition.

J.D.

Key Tracks: "Shelia," "Walkabout," "Criminals"

FRICKE'S PICKS

By David Fricke

Blue Cheer's Dickie Peterson, 1946-2009

Formed in San Francisco in 1966 as a sextet but soon trimmed to a titanic core of guitarist Leigh Stephens, drummer Paul Whaley and singer-bassist Dickie Peterson, Blue Cheer were arguably the longest-running and loudest one-hit wonder in rock. Until his death on October 12th in Germany at 63 from liver cancer, Peterson led some version of the group, on and off, for most of the 41 years after that classic lineup's power-trio violation of Eddie Cochran's "Summertime Blues" made the Top 20 in 1968. And Peterson hung on, especially in recent years, with the same feral intensity that bleeds all over that single. At SXSW in 2008, he, Whaley and decade-long guitarist Andrew McDonald played "Doctor Please," from Blue Cheer's 1968 debut LP, *Vincebus Eruptum*, for 15 of the 40 minutes in their set. I counted.

Even in '68, a year of Cream's *Wheels of Fire*, Steppenwolf's coughing-Harley boogie and Led Zeppelin's first U.S. shows, the cleaving distortion, fast-rolling thunder and shredded bawl on *Eruptum* and the rapid follow-up, *Outsideinside*, were the peak of extreme. Blue Cheer played at legendary volume (their manager, a Hells Angel named Gut, said they could "turn the air to cottage cheese"), but it was the din of prophecy. Multiple rock futures – grunge, thrash, stoner rock



VOLUME DEALERS Blue Cheer's Whaley, Stephens and Peterson (from left) in 1968

and doom metal – can be heard in the free-rock finish of "Second Time Around" on *Eruptum* and the quaking R&B of "Babylon" on the second LP.

Both albums are required ecstasy and easy to find. Peterson kept Blue Cheer going, minus Stephens and Whaley, for a few straight blues-rock albums in the early Seventies; of the later comebacks, 2007's *What Doesn't Kill You . . .* (Rainman) is close to the old assault. But I'll never forget the transcendent fury I got at a CBGB gig in 2006. "This is what we do to jazz," Peterson said before Whaley hit the raging zigzag of "Parchment Farm," the Mose Allison cover on *Eruptum*. There will always be heavy, always be metal. There is now a lot less Cheer in the world.

The Miracles

★★★★★

REISSUE

Depend on Me: The Early Albums *Hip-oSelect/Motown*

Treasure-packed set from groundbreaking Motown act



THE MIRACLES were the first Motown act to score a Top Five single, "Shop Around," in 1960, and the first to issue an album, 1961's *Hi, We're the Miracles*. They also came with their own one-man hit factory: Earth-angel tenor William "Smokey" Robinson wrote or co-wrote nearly every one of the songs on these two CDs, which manage to pack in five early-Sixties LPs. The singing and rhythms in the gorgeous "(You Can) Depend on Me" and the 1962 classic "You've Really Got a Hold on Me" are still steeped in Fifties doo-wop. But Robinson was already working toward his later-Sixties Midas touch with the rippled-harp silk of "I'll Try Something New" and the saucy-gallop B side "Mighty Good Lovin'."

D.F.

Key Tracks: "You've Really Got a Hold on Me," "Mighty Good Lovin'"

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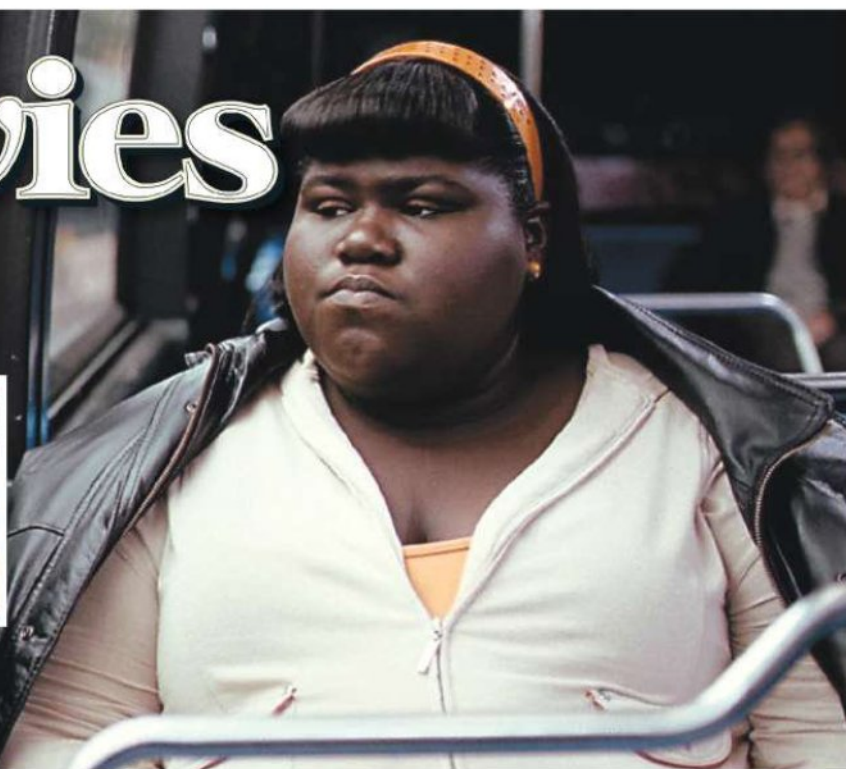
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Movies

BY PETER TRAVERS



UP AGAINST IT
Gabourey Sidibe as a teen with a baby and an abusive mother (Mo'Nique, above).



A Thing of Beauty

From seemingly out of nowhere comes a little movie that sneaks up and floors you

Precious ★★½
Gabourey Sidibe,
Mo'Nique, Mariah Carey
Directed by Lee Daniels

WHEN I TELL PEOPLE HOW good this movie is – and I can't shut up about it – they flash me the stink eye. As in "Yeah, right, like I need to sink into a depression coma for two hours watching a fat, illiterate, HIV-positive Harlem girl get knocked up (twice) by her daddy, brutally battered by her mother and laughed at by a world eager to pound abuse on her 16-year-old ass."

Won't you dickheads be surprised. *Precious*, saddled with a clumsy subtitle – *Based on the Novel 'Push' by Sapphire* – tunnels inside your head, leaves you moved like no film in years and then lifts you up in ways you don't see coming. Despite the pain at the story's core, the movie has a spirit that soars. Claireece "Precious" Jones, played by Gabourey Sidibe, 24, in an astounding debut that brims with grit and amazing grace, digs aspiration out of buried dreams. I don't

know how director Lee Daniels works his magic. But once *Precious* gets its hooks into you, no way is it letting go.

In adapting the 1996 novel by the poet Sapphire, a former teacher, Daniels and the gifted screenwriter Geoffrey Fletcher don't skimp on the squalor. The year is 1987, and when the pregnant Precious isn't stealing fried chicken or ducking punches from Mary (Mo'Nique), the mom from hell, she's barely coping with ninth grade and caring for Little Mongo, her Down-syndrome child whom couch potato Mary tolerates only for the value of her welfare checks.

No wonder Precious has fantasies of walking red carpets and seeing herself as a skinny blond supermodel. Her real future is all dead ends until she is transferred to an alternative school. A teacher, Blu Rain (Paula Patton, with a spirit to match her loveliness), brings her up to speed on getting a GED and penetrates the blank expression the girl wears like armor. The school scenes dodge the dull virtues of TV

formula. Ms. Rain's lesbianism keeps even her on the outside. And the receptionist (a feisty Sherri Shepherd) knows that it takes sweat to erect a comfort zone. The Precious support system consists of Nurse John (an excellent Lenny Kravitz) and Ms. Weiss (the de-glittered Mariah Carey is a revelation), a social worker who knows the roots of Precious' problems.

That would be with Mary, a mother who hurls abuse and blunt instruments and then flops in front of the tube to gorge on pigs' feet and her own bile. The role could have been a caricature of cruelty, but Mo'Nique – a stand-up comic with real acting chops – refuses to play her the easy way. This monster has her reasons, shocking though they are. There is one word for Mo'Nique: dynamite. She tears up the screen and then, in a climactic scene with Precious and Ms. Weiss, tears at your heart. If Oscar has a sure thing this year, Mo'Nique is it.

Still, it's Precious who keeps pulling us in. Daniels – with the help of cinematographer

Andrew Dunn, editor Joe Klotz and a knockout song by Mary J. Blige expressing the goal of Precious to see the world in color – makes sure of that. As the producer of *Monster's Ball* and *The Woodsman* and the director of the flawed but potent *Shadowboxer*, the openly gay Daniels knows what it's like to cut himself on barbed-wire topics. His fearlessness here is staggering. Daniels throws a lot at us, heedless of consistency, structure and tone. For that reason, *Precious* will be patronized as much as it is praised. Cynics typically rip anything that wears its heart on its sleeve. Sorry, haters, *Precious* is an emotional powerhouse, a triumph of bruising humor and bracing hope that deserves its place among the year's best films.

As for Precious, she will never be a stranger to hard knocks, and no longer will she be a stranger to herself. Look in Sidibe's eyes as she takes Precious to the next step. She's glorious. And the movie is with her every scary and sublime step of the way.

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The Messenger

★★★★½

Woody Harrelson, Ben Foster, Samantha Morton
Directed by Oren Moverman

IF ANYONE ASKS YOU WHERE the best and brightest new directors are coming from, point to Oren Moverman, whose vividly touching and vital debut feature signals the arrival of a filmmaker—he wrote the script with Alessandro Camon—who can bare the soul of a character with precision and healing compassion. *The Messenger*, showing humanity under siege, opens wounds inflicted by the Iraq War—not on the battlefield but in the hearts of the families of soldiers who never made it back home. It's the job of Capt. Tony Stone (Woody Harrelson in top form), of the Casualty Notification Office, to knock on the doors of wives, husbands and parents to deliver the worst kind of news.

Tony soon has company on his mission in the reluctant person of Staff Sgt. Will Montgom-

ery (Ben Foster), an injured war hero with three months left on his enlistment and no stomach for his CNO duties. "In our job, there's no such thing as a satisfied customer," Tony tells Will, establishing the blend of hurt and humor that marks the film. There are six notifications in the course of the film—Steve Buscemi is devastating as a parent who explodes in rage at losing his son—and to heighten spontaneity, Moverman didn't always tell Harrelson and Foster beforehand how the next of kin would react. No wonder *The Messenger* bristles with the intensity of life being lived. Tony, a veteran of two tours of duty without combat action, lays out the rules: no hugging or physical contact, no ringing doorbells (just knock), and absolutely no fraternizing with the grief-stricken. The last rule gets quickly broken when Will forges a connection with the newly widowed Olivia (the excellent Samantha Morton), now raising a child alone.

NONCOMBAT DUTY
Woody Harrelson and Ben Foster bring bad news to families of fallen soldiers.



The film pivots on these two men, and Harrelson and Foster are both astounding, digging deep under the surface of their characters to find raw scar tissue. Foster, best known for bad-to-the-bone roles in *3:10 to Yuma* and *Alpha Dog*, subtly uncovers the ache inside Will that is only partially caused by the stress of combat. And Harrelson, riding a box-office wave with the scary-funny *Zombieland*, once again shows his skills as a superb dramatic actor. Harrelson can impress from the sidelines (*No Country for Old Men*) or front and center (*The People vs. Larry Flynt*), but his full-out emotional range here ranks as a career pinnacle. Tony knows how to bluster. Eyeballing a bartending babe, he sasses, "I'd like to strap her on and wear her like a government-issued gas mask." But this recovering alcoholic is hiding secrets that will come back to haunt him.

Major props to Moverman, who scripted *Jesus' Son*, *Married Life* and the renegade Bob Dylan biopic *I'm Not There*, for cleansing his shattering film of Hollywood sentiment and hectoring politics, concentrating instead on what war does to our shared humanity. Moverman knows war firsthand, having served four years as a paratrooper in the Israeli army. He knows the pressures soldiers live under, and what it takes to pick up the pieces and find strength in what remains behind. That's why *The Messenger* hits so hard. Its truths are personal. It means to shake you. And does.

The Men Who Stare at Goats

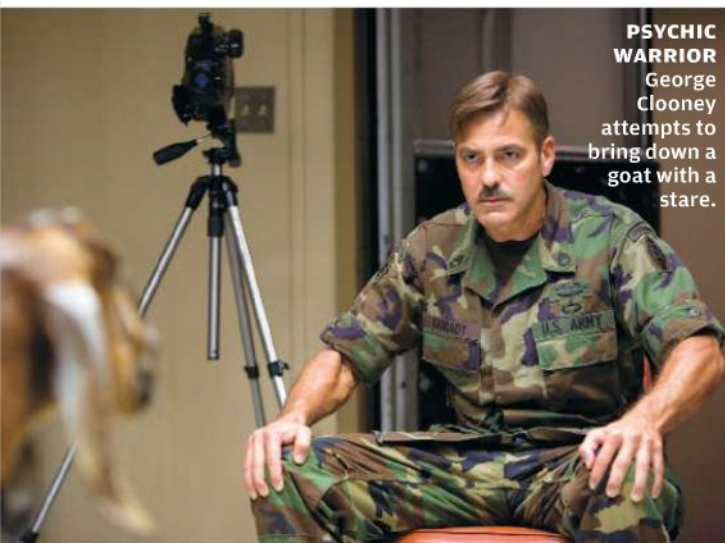
★★★

George Clooney, Jeff Bridges, Kevin Spacey, Ewan McGregor

Directed by Grant Heslov

IT'S HARD TO RESIST A SATIRE, even when it wobbles, that insists the most unbelievable parts are the most true. If you always thought the men who run U.S. military intelligence are wack jobs, here's the farce to prove it. Michigan journalist Bob Wilton (Ewan McGregor), reporting in Iraq circa 2003, stumbles on a story that dates back to the 1980s, when the government organized a secret unit of psychic warriors devoted to achieving peace through telepathy. These men can stare a goat down till its heart stops. And that's just for starters. Watch them try to walk through walls and read the minds of their foes.

Bob's source is Lyn Cassidy, hilariously played by George Clooney with bulging eyes that indicate a man who is not (mixed metaphor ahead) cooking with a full deck. It's Lyn, now on a black-ops mission in Kuwait involving kidnapping and terrorism, who deep-backgrounds Bob on the New Earth Army organized by alcoholic Vietnam veteran Django (a killer-good Jeff Bridges, looking like the Dude on acid). Django conducts dance classes to let his hippie-warrior monks loosen up (the wigs alone on Bridges and Clooney make the scene a hoot). The mind-meld



PSYCHIC WARRIOR
George Clooney attempts to bring down a goat with a stare.



AIR DISASTER
Hilary Swank plays Amelia Earhart in a movie that stays earthbound.

approach to vanquishing your enemies by these so-called Jedi (loved the deadpan on Obi-wan McGregor's face when the holy name is mentioned) pisses off group infiltrator Larry Hooper (Kevin Spacey spitting sarcasm in high-comic style). It's Larry who gets New Age-y Django kicked to the curb. Are you with me? No worries. Just go with the comic flow, wrapped in striking light and shadow by wizard cinematographer Robert Elswit.

Clooney's producing partner Grant Heslov – they collaborated on the Oscar-nominated screenplay for *Good Night, and Good Luck* – directs his second feature (following *Par 6*) with a true sense of the absurd, even as references to Abu Ghraib and Guantánamo chill the blood. The script that Brit Peter Straughan, of the misbegotten *How to Lose Friends and Alienate People*, carves out of Jon Ronson's nonfiction bestseller jumps back and forth in time so often you may need to stare at a goat just to maintain balance. But the go-for-broke performances help make all this paranormal activity too much fun to care.

Amelia ★

Hilary Swank, Richard Gere, Ewan McGregor

Directed by Mira Nair

THE AERIAL PHOTOGRAPHY in this biopic looks slick, as does two-time Oscar winner Hilary Swank as the rangy pioneer aviatrix Amelia Earhart, who went missing in 1937 while trying to circumnavi-

gate the globe in her flying machine. But, oh mama, the minute the characters open their mouths, the onslaught of clichés brings the movie down in flames. The god-awful script by Ron Bass (*Rain Man*) and Anna Hamilton Phelan (*Gorillas in the Mist*) is assaultive in its insistence that “dreams have no boundaries” and other sentiments that even Hallmark would reject as too fucking much. “Who wants a life imprisoned in safety?” Amelia asks in a voice-over. And you want to shout, “This movie does, honey.” There's not a real or spontaneous minute in it.

Director Mira Nair (*Monsoon Wedding*, *The Namesake*) is too good to let this happen. So I'm just going to assume she was coerced by no-taste producers. No way could Amelia's life have been this dead-ly dull. And the love triangle the screenplay cooks up would fail a test in elementary chemistry. Amelia marries publisher George Putnam (Richard Gere), who markets her career to fund her flights, but she sneaks off with aeronautics whiz Gene Vidal (Ewan McGregor). Did I just make this sound interesting? Forgive me. Amelia strikes more sparks with Gene's little boy, who grows up to be – ready? – Gore Vidal. If only Gore could have injected some of his literate mischief into this platitudinous invitation to dozing.

The flying scenes – postcard-pretty images from cinematographer Stuart Dryburgh, lathered up by Gabriel Yared's sudsy score – vie with relentless

close-ups of Swank in the cockpit of her twin-engine Lockheed L-10 Electra staring into space at what – a better script? Who could blame her? Amelia, the Kansas tomboy, changed aviation. Her sometimes reckless determination to break boundaries coaxed women into flying planes as well as wear-

ing trendy trousers. But innovation takes a back seat to endless visions of Swank smiling through as she and her navigator (Christopher Eccleston, in the film's best and unfussiest performance) are last seen flying over the Pacific. The fact that Amelia's plane and body were never found remains a lasting mystery. The only mystery about this waxwork of a movie is why it was ever made.

Cirque du Freak: The Vampire's Assistant ★½

John C. Reilly, Salma Hayek, Chris Massoglia

Directed by Paul Weitz

DO WE REALLY NEED ANOTHER vampire movie? Well, this one is based on a popular tweener series of a dozen books by British writer Darren Shan. Director and co-writer Paul Weitz claims he loves the series, and Weitz's credits – he and his

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TRICK OR TREAT
Go paranormal with Featherston (right) and bloodsucking with Reilly.



brother Chris Weitz gave us *American Pie* and *About a Boy* – got my attention. But the mess onscreen does no one any favors. The Cirque du Freak itself has flavor with sexy Salma Hayek as the bearded lady, *30 Rock*'s Jane Krakowski as a limb regenerator and especially stage actor supreme Michael Cerveris (*Tommy*, *Sweeney Todd*), swathed in foam rubber as the fatso villain, Mr. Tiny. Newcomer Chris Masoglia plays Darren, the blind teen who gets involved with the freaks (it's not that I can't tell you how, I just don't want to). But Darren does get bitten by redheaded vampire Larten Crepsley (John C. Reilly, giving the film the few laughs it has). Actually, Darren is only half-bitten. Hell, I'm not explaining that, either. All you need to know is that the movie is a setup for sequels that I hope never come. Jammed with story threads that don't cohere, *Cirque* commits the cardinal sin for a vampire movie: It's bloodless.

Paranormal Activity ★★★

Katie Featherston,
Micah Sloat

Directed by Oren Peli

WHEN THIS DIRT-CHEAP (that'd be \$15,000) frightfest opened in late September for midnight showings in a dozen college towns, cynics laughed at its viral marketing campaign. Paramount Pictures asked interested parties to log on to a website and

vote to get the flick into their towns. No one's laughing now. After a million-plus requests, *Paranormal Activity* is everywhere and raking it in (\$34 million at last count). On a cost-profit basis, *PA* may be the year's most profitable.

What's all the excitement about? Oren Peli's movie from nowhere owes much to *The Blair Witch Project*, and, OK, suffers by comparison. But make no mistake, it will fry your nerves and creep you out big time without spending a dime on obvious special effects. The plot needs three sentences. Katie (Katie Featherston) and boyfriend Micah (Micah Sloat) are freaked out by noises in their San Diego home. To catch what's out there, he sets up a night-vision video camera while they sleep. We watch the found footage.

That's it. Over a period of about three weeks in the film, the tension builds and builds and builds until the dread ties your stomach in knots. No need to say more. If ghost stories have your number, this one will get you good, proving you don't need stars and computer mash-ups to make audiences shriek at things that go bump in the night.

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FORT CARSON

[Cont. from 59] a 19-year-old student named Erica Ham, lay in the road for 20 minutes before police discovered her, a cellphone pressed to her ear. She had been stabbed six times, and required multiple surgeries for a punctured lung and one huge laceration across her left eye.

Later, on the phone with David Nash, Bressler seemed as if he wanted to tell him something. Then he stopped himself. "Nah, I'll tell you when we all get together," Bressler said. It seemed to Nash as though Bressler were saying, "Just ask me, motherfucking ask me what's going on." But Nash never did. "You've got to be careful sometimes what you ask people," he says. "They might tell you the truth."

By this point, Eastridge was broke. He had been selling off sporting goods he had bought with his Army credit card at Fort Carson's enormous PX, but now he was homeless and camping out on Bressler's couch. On the evening of November 30th, he and Bressler left the apartment to discuss plans for a heist. The idea was Eastridge's: They would ram a truck through the cement wall of a sporting-goods store and make off with whatever money they could find. The three men had bought the necessary supplies a few days earlier: Gerber combat knives, three pairs of black leather gloves, three black ski masks, a black plastic flashlight and a blue camouflage-colored gym bag, all purchased with Bastien's Army credit card at the PX. It would be their first real score.

But six hours later, after the murder of Kevin Shields, the three friends were more worried about staying out of jail than breaking into banks. According to Bastien and Eastridge, upon returning home after the killing, Bressler had discovered that his white sweater and jeans were splattered with blood. He stripped and threw his clothes into the fireplace, then stared blankly as they went up in flames.

Eastridge looked over from the couch. Bressler was sitting in front of the fire wearing only his boxers and a single yellow suede sneaker.

"Are you going to burn the other fucking shoe," Eastridge asked, "or are you going to buy another one just like it?"

"Oh, fuck," Bressler said, then threw the remaining sneaker into the fire.

THE NEXT AFTERNOON, AFTER discarding the .38 in a ravine, the three friends scrubbed the blood from Bastien's car. It was the last bit of physical evidence linking them to Shields' murder, but they couldn't erase the fact that they had been seen drinking with him that night, so they came up with a story to tell police: After they left Rum Bay, Shields called a girl and asked to be dropped off at her house in Westside. Then they drove straight home. Bastien, ever

the schemer, suggested they alter details slightly in their accounts. "When you make up a story, you can't all tell them exactly the same thing," he said later. "Then they know you're lying."

To detectives, their accounts seemed plausible enough. But after Shields' cellphone was found on a Westside street a few days later, police saw the only call he had made that night was to Bastien, who was promptly brought in again for questioning. He soon rolled over on his best friend, fingering Bressler as the triggerman. During an interview with Detective Derek Graham, who thought the Shields murder looked remarkably similar to one he investigated in August, Bastien also confessed his role in the killing of Robert James.

"I thought, 'Shit, what else did you do?'" Graham recalls. "I started listing other cold cases that happened near his apartment, like the Orrenmaa shooting. Then I threw the Ham stabbing at him as well. He's like, 'Oh, yeah, we did that.' He was very cold and matter-of-fact." Bastien not only failed to show remorse for the crimes, he failed to grasp the punishment he faced for having committed them. "What are my chances of getting away with this?" he asked detectives, just before he was locked up in jail.

After admitting their roles in the Shields murder, Bastien and Eastridge cut deals on the other charges they faced. Bastien received a 60-year sentence, while Eastridge got 10 years. Bressler, who refused to speak with police after his arrest, opted to stand trial. No one from the Army spoke as a character witness on his behalf, and his combat trauma was never mentioned in court. "PTSD doesn't work as a reason to escape culpability," says Ed Farry, a former Air Force officer who represented Bressler. "Jurors don't buy it." Farry instead relied on forensic experts to suggest that Bastien, not Bressler, had been the shooter.

The prosecution planned to pin its case on testimony from Bastien and Eastridge; it seemed like a slam-dunk. But last November, just days before he was scheduled to take the stand, Bastien reneged on his promise to testify. Facing life in prison for first-degree murder, Bressler was found guilty only of conspiracy to commit murder. He later pleaded guilty to being an accessory in the slaying of Robert James, and to aggravated robbery in the stabbing of Erica Ham. At a hearing last March, Judge Theresa Cisneros told Bressler he had "caused unimaginable destruction," then delivered his sentence: 60 years – the same as Bastien's.

SITTING AT A CAFETERIA-STYLE table in the visitation room at the Buena Vista Correctional Complex, in the high desert of central Colorado, Bressler no longer resembles the proud, muscled young infantryman who re-

turned from Iraq two years ago. Dressed in a green prison jumpsuit, his face drawn and his blue eyes bloodshot, he nervously chews on a ratty goatee and hunches over, as if he's intensely interested in something on his shoes. On his left bicep is a tattoo of the same musket found on the badge that he was awarded as a combat veteran, a constant reminder of his time in Iraq.

Bressler speaks in the same quiet, calm voice whether he's talking about learning handball in prison or the stabbing of Erica Ham, an assault he claims he did not even participate in. "I was pressured into pleading guilty to that as part of the deal," he says. "I wanted to take that case to trial." He devotes the few hours he's allowed out of his cell each day to working on his appeal in the case, and he continues to insist that he was not the one responsible for murdering either Kevin Shields or Robert James. What pains him most, though, is the way his combat duty, the defining experience of his life, has become evidence of his criminality. "People think, 'He's an infantryman – he was trained to kill, he must be a killer,'" he says. "But if they could still see me in my Army uniform, they would think I'm a good guy."

Above all, he feels betrayed by the institution he sacrificed everything to serve. It's no secret that the military has sorely neglected the health of returning soldiers like Bressler: In February 2007, at the very moment he was experiencing the worst of the war in Iraq, a scandal was unfolding back home over inadequate treatment of veterans at Walter Reed, the Army's flagship medical center. Top commanding generals and the secretary of the Army were fired or forced to resign, but the military still fails to provide the kind of careful monitoring and long-term treatment needed by the more than 300,000 veterans of Iraq and Afghanistan who suffered mental injuries in the line of duty. And the problem will likely escalate next year, when some 3,700 troops will begin to rotate back to Fort Carson from tours in Afghanistan. "The post-deployment scenario from that war is going to look very similar to post-deployment Iraq," says Cole. "The trends in violence will continue. Evans Hospital is a ticking time bomb. It's going to be the next Walter Reed."

Even in prison, Louis Bressler hasn't given up on the military – but somewhere along the line, the military gave up on him. Asking for help, he believes, shouldn't mean losing the only job you ever wanted. "The Army can't do anything for me – they let me down," he says. "If I had never spoken with those psychiatrists, I would be with my unit right now in Afghanistan, instead of talking to you in here. They say I had a mental-health problem. I say I did my job."

He shakes his head. "I should have died over there in Iraq," he says, his voice faltering. "I would be a lot better off."



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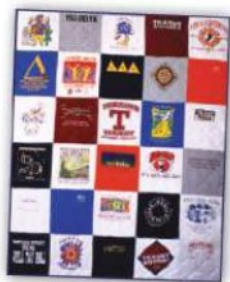
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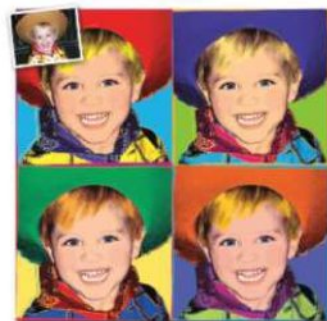
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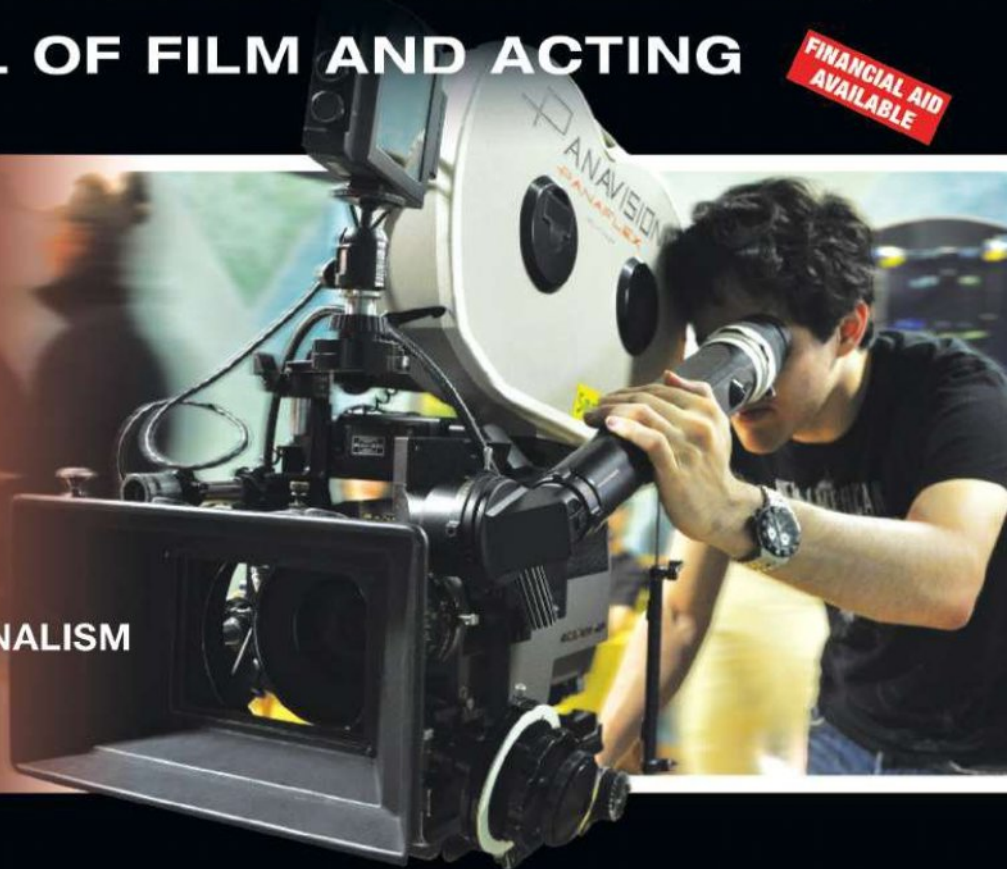
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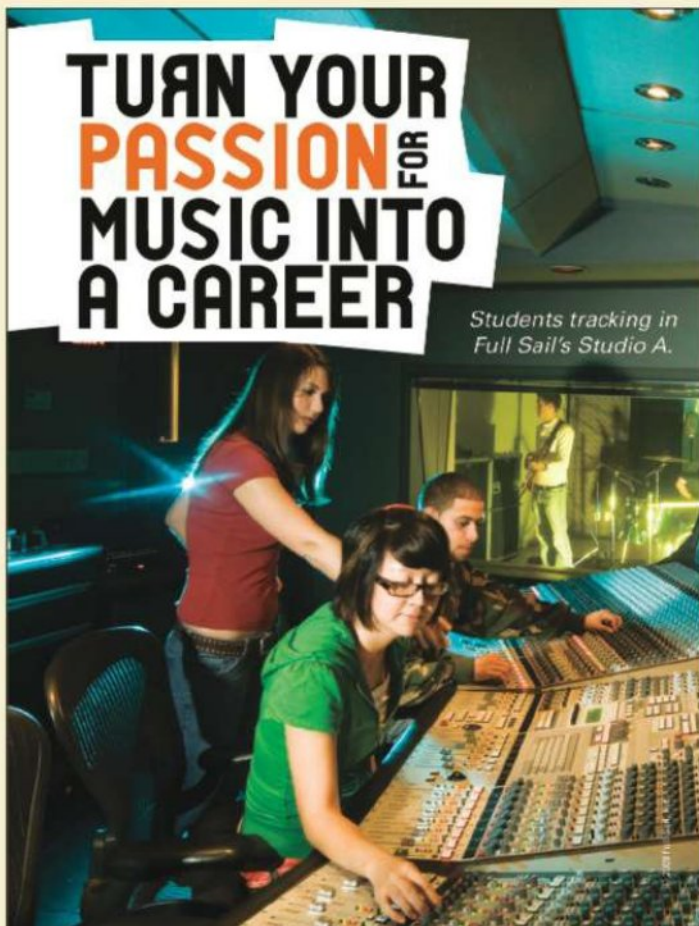
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CHARTS

BILLBOARD HOT 100 TOP 10

- Jay Sean**
"Down" - Cash Money
- Jason DeRulo**
"Watcha Say" - Beluga Heights
- Miley Cyrus**
"Party in the U.S.A." - Hollywood
- Jay-Z**
"Run This Town" - Roc Nation
- Britney Spears**
"3" - Jive
- Lady Gaga**
"Paparazzi" - Streamline/KonLive/Cherrytree/Interscope
- Owl City**
"Fireflies" - Universal Republic
- Black Eyed Peas**
"I Gotta Feeling" - Will.I.am/Interscope
- Black Eyed Peas**
"Meet Me Halfway" - Will.I.am/Interscope
- Taylor Swift**
"You Belong With Me" - Big Machine

iTUNES TOP 10 SONGS

- Britney Spears**
"3" - Jive
- Miley Cyrus**
"Party in the U.S.A." - Hollywood
- Owl City**
"Fireflies" - Universal Republic
- Jason DeRulo**
"Watcha Say" - Beluga Heights
- Black Eyed Peas**
"Meet Me Halfway" - Will.I.am/Interscope
- Jay Sean**
"Down" - Cash Money
- Iyaz**
"Replay" - Reprise
- John Mayer**
"Who Says" - Aware/Columbia
- Jay-Z**
"Run This Town" - Roc Nation
- Lady Gaga**
"Paparazzi" - Streamline/KonLive/Cherrytree/Interscope

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COLLEGE RADIO TOP 10 ALBUMS

- Monsters of Folk**
Monsters of Folk - Shangri-La
- The Raveonettes**
In and Out of Control - Vice
- Yo La Tengo**
Popular Songs - Matador
- Arctic Monkeys**
Humbug - Domino
- Islands**
Vapours - Anti-
- Sea Wolf**
White Water, White Bloom - Dangerbird
- Why?**
Eskimo Snow - Anticon
- The Avett Brothers**
I and Love and You - Columbia
- Vivian Girls**
Everything Goes Wrong - In the Red
- Muse**
The Resistance - Warner Bros.

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The Raveonettes

The Danish duo's fourth record continues their sweet-and-sour noir-pop sound - think Phil Spector meets the Jesus and Mary Chain - and tackles topics such as heartbreak and depression.

Sea Wolf

Named after a 1904 Jack London novel, this L.A. chamber-folk act sounds like an acoustic-led Shins - and it scored a spot on the New Moon soundtrack.

ACTIVE ROCK RADIO TOP 10 SONGS

- Breaking Benjamin**
"I Will Not Bow" - Hollywood
- Alice in Chains**
"Check My Brain" - Virgin
- Chevelle**
"Jars" - Epic
- Sick Puppies**
"You're Going Down" - Virgin
- Creed**
"Overcome" - Wind-up
- Three Days Grace**
"Break" - RCA/Jive
- Five Finger Death Punch**
"Hard to See" - Prospect Park
- Foo Fighters**
"Wheels" - Roswell
- Dead by Sunrise**
"Crawl Back In" - Warner Bros.
- Adelitas Way**
"Invincible" - Virgin

Top 40 Albums

- Michael Bublé**
Crazy Love - 143/Reprise
- The Twilight Saga: New Moon**
Soundtrack - Chop Shop/Atlantic
- Jay-Z**
The Blueprint 3 - Roc Nation
- Barbra Streisand**
Love Is the Answer - Columbia
- Miley Cyrus**
The Time of Our Lives - Hollywood
- Black Eyed Peas**
The E.N.D. - Will.I.am/Interscope
- Taylor Swift**
Fearless - Big Machine
- The Flaming Lips**
Embryonic - Warner Bros.
- Mario**
D.N.A. - J
- Mariah Carey**
Memoirs of an Imperfect Angel - Island Def Jam
- Kiss**
Sonic Boom - Kiss
- Toby Keith**
American Ride - Show Dog Nashville
- Breaking Benjamin**
Dear Agony - Hollywood
- Zac Brown Band**
The Foundation - Roar/Bigger Picture/Home Crown/Atlantic
- Whitney Houston**
I Look to You - Arista
- Paramore**
Brand New Eyes - Fueled by Ramen
- Alice in Chains**
Black Gives Way to Blue - Virgin
- Kings of Leon**
Only by the Night - RCA
- Lady Gaga**
The Fame - Streamline/KonLive/Cherrytree/Interscope
- Owl City**
Ocean Eyes - Universal Republic
- Pearl Jam**
Backspacer - Monkeywrench
- Miranda Lambert**
Revolution - Columbia (Nashville)
- Bob Dylan**
Christmas in the Heart - Columbia
- Harry Connick Jr.**
Your Songs - Columbia
- Bebe and Cece Winans**
Still - B&C
- Selena Gomez and the Scene**
Kiss & Tell - Hollywood
- Drake**
So Far Gone (EP) - Young Money/Cash Money/Universal Motown
- Rosanne Cash**
The List - Manhattan
- Dead by Sunrise**
Out of Ashes - Warner Bros.
- David Archuleta**
Christmas From the Heart - 19/Jive
- Luke Bryan**
Doin' My Thing - Capitol Nashville
- Three Days Grace**
Life Starts Now - Jive
- Muse**
The Resistance - Warner Bros.
- Five for Fighting**
Slice - Aware/Columbia
- Karen O and the Kids**
Where the Wild Things Are (Soundtrack) - DGC/Interscope
- Lady Antebellum**
Lady Antebellum - Capitol Nashville
- Hannah Montana: The Movie**
Soundtrack - Walt Disney
- Madonna**
Celebration - Warner Bros.
- Trey Songz**
Ready - Song Book/Atlantic
- Jason Aldean**
Wide Open - Broken Bow



Bublé Goes Pop

Neo-crooner Michael Bublé mixes jazz standards such as "All of Me" with covers of Eagles and Van Morrison tunes on his fifth album.



Boom Boom Wow

With a ubiquitous DIRECTV ad, a \$7.99 iTunes deal and "I Gotta Feeling" still a huge radio hit, the Black Eyed Peas' sales increased 56 percent this week.



A Flaming Success

The Flaming Lips racked up the highest chart position of their career by selling 31,778 copies of their trippy new double-disc its first week out.



This Is Owl Country

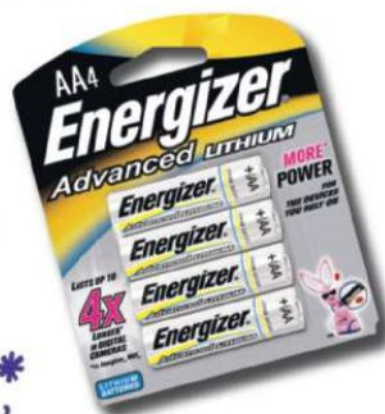
Cut in his parents' basement, this LP by Adam Young's synth-pop project Owl City sold 21,419 copies in three-plus months - aided by the hit "Fireflies."

00 Chart position on Oct. 21st, 2009
00 Chart position on Oct. 14th, 2009
NEW New Entry
▲ Greatest Gainer
▲ Re-Entry
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LOCAL FAVORITES

Top-selling albums for the week ending October 21st, 2009, at **Princeton Record Exchange, Princeton, NJ**



- The Flaming Lips**
Embryonic - Warner Bros.
- Karen O and the Kids**
Where the Wild Things Are (Soundtrack) - DGC/Interscope
- Bob Dylan**
Christmas in the Heart - Columbia
- Rosanne Cash**
The List - Manhattan
- Phoenix**
Wolfgang Amadeus Phoenix - Loyauté/Glassnote
- Muse**
The Resistance - Warner Bros.
- Lightning Bolt**
Earthly Delights - Load
- Los Lonely Boys**
1969 - LoneTone
- Mike Doughty**
Sad Man Happy Man - ATO
- The Raveonettes**
In and Out of Control - Vice



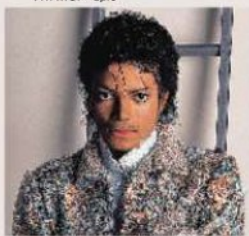
Karen O and the Kids
Yeah Yeah Yeahs front-woman Karen O recruited members of the Raconteurs and Deerhunter, as well as her YYY bandmates, for the soundtrack to *Where the Wild Things Are* - directed by O's ex Spike Jonze.

Lightning Bolt
This long-running Providence, Rhode Island, noise-rock duo are known for their intense shows: They perform in masks and typically set up on the venue's floor, letting the crowd surround them.

Los Lonely Boys
The Texas trio pay tribute to the music of 1969 on this EP, which includes covers of Santana's "Evil Ways," the Beatles' "She Came in Through the Bathroom Window" and the Doors' "Roadhouse Blues."

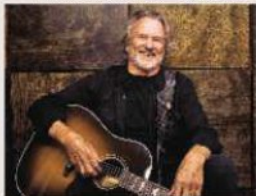
POP CATALOG TOP 10 ALBUMS

- Michael Jackson**
Number Ones - Epic
- The Beatles**
The Beatles - Capitol
- Michael Jackson**
Thriller - Epic
- Michael Jackson**
Essential Michael Jackson - Epic
- The Beatles**
Abbey Road - Capitol
- The Beatles**
Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band - Capitol
- The Beatles**
Rubber Soul - Capitol
- The Beatles**
Past Masters - Capitol
- Journey**
Greatest Hits - Sony
- Michael Bublé**
It's Time - 143/Reprise



SIRIUS XM COUNTRY TOP 10

- Rosanne Cash and Bruce Springsteen**
"Sea of Heartbreak" - Manhattan
- Miranda Lambert**
"That's the Way That the World Goes 'Round" - Columbia (Nashville)
- Robert Earl Keen**
"Wireless in Heaven" - Lost Highway
- Cross Canadian Ragweed**
"51 Pieces" - Universal South
- Lyle Lovett**
"Keep It in Your Pantry" - Lost Highway
- John Fogerty and Bruce Springsteen**
"When Will I Be Loved" - Fortunate Son/Verve Forecast
- Delbert McClinton**
"Willie" - New West
- The Avett Brothers**
"Tin Man" - Columbia
- Kris Kristofferson**
"Closer to the Bone" - New West



10 Band of Heathens
"L.A. County Blues" - BOH
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From the Vault

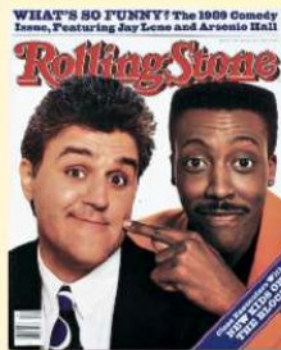
RS 564, November 2nd, 1989

TOP 10 SINGLES

- Roxette**
"Listen to Your Heart" - EMI
- New Kids on the Block**
"Cover Girl" - Columbia
- Janet Jackson**
"Miss You Much" - A&M
- Tears for Fears**
"Sowing the Seeds of Love" - Fontana
- Bad English**
"When I See You Smile" - Epic
- Aerosmith**
"Love in an Elevator" - Geffen
- Bobby Brown**
"Rock Wit'cha" - MCA
- Mötley Crüe**
"Dr. Feelgood" - Elektra
- Paula Abdul**
"(It's Just) The Way That You Love Me" - Virgin
- The B-52s**
"Love Shack" - Reprise

TOP 10 ALBUMS

- Janet Jackson**
Janet Jackson's Rhythm Nation 1814 - A&M
- Milli Vanilli**
Girl You Know It's True - Arista
- Mötley Crüe**
Dr. Feelgood - Elektra
- The Rolling Stones**
Steel Wheels - Rolling Stones
- Aerosmith**
Pump - Geffen
- Paula Abdul**
Forever Your Girl - Virgin
- New Kids on the Block**
Hangin' Tough - Columbia
- Tears for Fears**
The Seeds of Love - Fontana
- Tom Petty**
Full Moon Fever - MCA
- Tracy Chapman**
Crossroads - Elektra



On the Cover

When Jay Leno first went out to Los Angeles in the early 1970s, a producer who had turned him down for a TV commercial suggested he do something about his jaw and recommended a plastic surgeon. Leno discovered the whole process of breaking and resetting his jaw might take as long as a year. Blessedly, he decided against it. "Kids love him because his face is so cartoony," his wife, Mavis, told me. "I mean, it's all exaggerated." —Graydon Carter

Album Review

Neil Young

Freedom ★★★★★

"Freedom is the sound of Neil Young looking back in anger and dread. The songs are populated by the walking wounded and littered with dashed hopes and drug paraphernalia. The ties that bind - faith, love, charity - are coming undone, and betrayal is the norm. Then Young throws all this hurt at you, and it hits like a bucket of ice water in the face."

—Reviewed by David Fricke

Forty Years Ago

October 4th, 1969

TOP 10 ALBUMS

- Creedence Clearwater Revival**
Green River - Fantasy
- Johnny Cash**
Johnny Cash at San Quentin - Columbia
- Blind Faith**
Blind Faith - Atco
- The Rolling Stones**
Through the Past, Darkly (Big Hits Vol. 2) - London
- Blood, Sweat and Tears**
Blood, Sweat & Tears - Columbia
- Cream**
Best of Cream - Atco
- Jimi Hendrix Experience**
Smash Hits - Reprise
- Iron Butterfly**
In-a-Gadda-Da-Vida - Atco
- The Doors**
The Soft Parade - Elektra
- Hair**
Original Cast - RCA

TOP 10 SINGLES

- The Archies**
"Sugar, Sugar" - Calendar
- Oliver**
"Jean" - Crewe
- Bobby Sherman**
"Little Woman" - Metromedia
- Three Dog Night**
"Easy to Be Hard" - Dunhill/ABC
- The Temptations**
"I Can't Get Next to You" - Gordy
- The Rolling Stones**
"Honky Tonk Women" - London
- Creedence Clearwater Revival**
"Green River" - Fantasy
- Nilsen**
"Everybody's Talkin'" - RCA Victor
- Sly and the Family Stone**
"Hot Fun in the Summertime" - Epic
- The Dells**
"Oh, What a Night" - Cadet

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 Pohakuloa Training Area, Scholfield Barracks.
 Presidio, DLIFLC & POM, Red River Army Depot.
 Roddame Arsenal, Rock Island Arsenal, Fort Myer.
 Rocky Mountain Arsenal, Stuttgart 6th ASG, Dallas NAS.
 Idaho Army Depot, Tripler Army Medical Center, Point Mugu.
 Tooele Army Depot, Umanilla Army Depot, U.S. Military Academy.
 Walter Reed Army Medical Center, White Sands Missile Range, Aisugi NAF.
 Yuma Proving Ground, Sigonella, Bahrain ASU, Anti-Submarine Warfare Training Center.
 Bremerton Naval Station, Atlanta NAS, Barbers Point NAS, Bethesda NNMC, Brunswick NAS, Naples NAS.
 Charleston NWS, Chunhae CFA, COMFLEACT Yokosuka, Concord Naval Weapons Station, Diego Garcia NSA.
 Coronado Naval Amphib Base, Corpus Christi NAS, Curry NTC, Dahlgren NSWC, Dan Neck FCICA, Guantanamo Bay NS.
 Earle Naval Weapons Station, Everett, Fallon NAS, Gaeta NSA, Gulfport, Indian Head NWS, Jacksonville NAS, Hawaii MCB.
 Keflavik NAS, Lemoore Naval Air Station, Little Creek Naval Amphibious Base, London NAVACTS, Mayport NS, Meridian.
 NAS Key West, Naval Station Norfolk, Naval District Washington, Naval Security Group Activity Northwest, New Orleans NAS.
 Naval Medical Center, Naval Post Graduate School, Navy Supply Corps School, NCTAMS EASTPAC, North Island NAS, Quantico MCB.
 New London Submarine Base, Newport NTC, Norfolk Naval Shipyard, Norfolk Naval Station, Alhus AFB, NSGA, Sabana Seca.
 Fort Polk Joint Readiness Training Center, Portsmouth, San Diego Naval Submarine Base, Oceana Naval Air Station.

A BIG SALUTE FROM OUR COMMUNITY TO YOURS.

Panama City Naval Surface Warfare Center, Pascagoula Naval Station, Pearl Harbor Naval Complex, New River MCAS.
 Patuxent River Naval Air Station, Pensacola NAS, Port Hueneme, Portsmouth Naval Shipyard, U.S. Naval Academy.
 Puget Sound Naval Shipyard, Roosevelt Roads NS, Seal Beach Naval Weapons Station, St. Mawgan JMF, Kunsan AFB.
 U.S. Naval Station, Whidbey Island NAS, Whiting Field NAS, Winter Harbor, NSGA, Yorktown Naval Weapons Station.
 Andersen AFB, Andrews AFB, Aviano Air Base, Barksdale AFB, Beale AFB, Bolling AFB, Brooks AFB, Willow Grove.
 Charleston AFB, Columbus AFB, Davis-Monthan, Dover AFB, Dyess AFB, Edwards AFB, Eglin AFB, Eielson AFB, Hill AFB.
 Ellsworth AFB, Fairchild AFB, Goodfellow AFB, Grand Forks AFB, Hanscom Air Field, Hickam AFB, Holloman AFB.
 Hurlbert Field, Incehik AFB, Kadena AB, Keesler AFB, Kelly AFB, Kirtland AFB, Lackland AFB, Tajes Field, Lakenheath.
 Langley AFB, Laughlin AFB, Los Angeles AFB, Luke AFB, MacDill AFB, Mahanstrom AFB, March AFB, Pope AFB, Scott AFB.
 McChord AFB, McConnell AFB, McGuire AFB, Minot AFB, Misawa AFB, Moody AFB, Mountain Home AFB, Offutt AFB.
 Osan AD, Patrick AFB, Peterson AFB, Ramstein Air Base, Randolph AFB, Robins AFB, Seymour Johnson AFB, Tinker AFB.
 Sheppard AFB, Spangdahlem AB, Tyndall AFB, U.S. Air Force Academy, Vandenberg AFB, Warren AFB, Whiteman AFB.
 Wright Patterson AFB, Yokota Air Base, Alameda ISCA, Cape Cod CGAS, Cape May Coast Guard IG, USCG Georgetown.
 Guard Station Burlington, Nellis AFB, Mayport USCG Base, Charles Melvin Price Support Center, Beaufort MCAS.
 Training Center Peraluma (IRACL), Charleston SSG Station, Twentynine Palms MCAGCC, U.S. Coast Guard Auxiliary.
 U.S. Coast Guard Academy, U.S. Coast Guard Air Station San Francisco, Camp Pendleton MCB, Camp Lejeune MCB.
 Albany Marine Corps Logistics Base, Cherry Point MCAS, Miramar MCAS, Cherry Point Naval Aviation Depot.
 Marine Corps Recruit Depot, Parris Island Recruit Depot, Cannon AFB, Maxwell AFB, U.S. Coast Guard.

Happy Veterans Day from your friends in Lynchburg, Tennessee.

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RESPONSIBILITY IS
 EVERYONE'S DUTY.

